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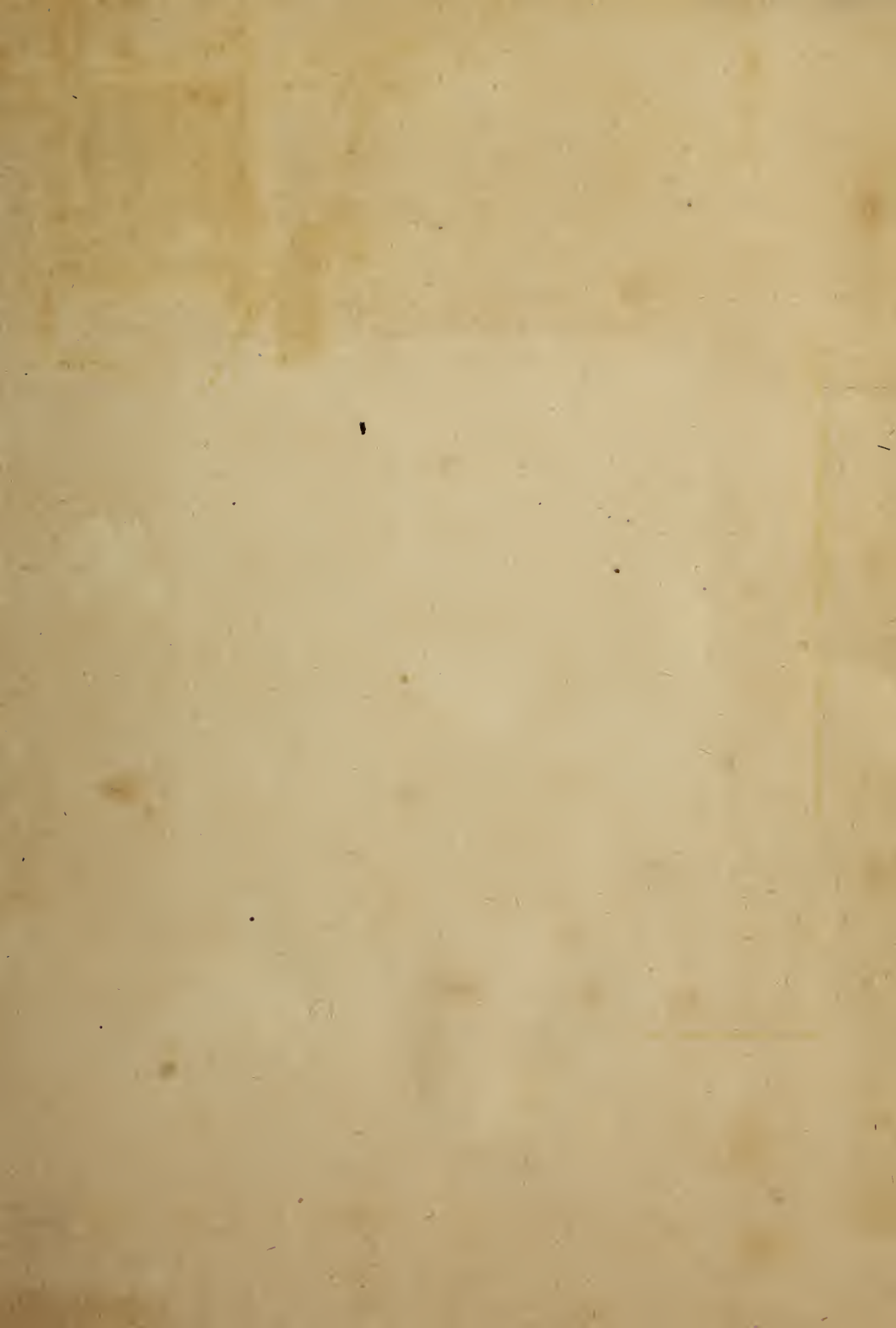


*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

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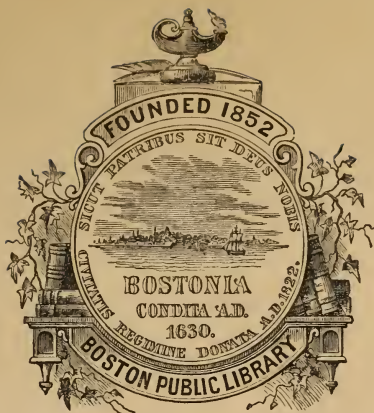








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PAMPHLETS.

Fate's  
Lear

with

Colman's version

Barton Library.



I have marked several  
4to Editions of Pates' dear  
on my Cat. ———— vir.

London. 1681. \* (Here)

ib. 1689.

ib. 1699.

ib. 1702.

ib. 1712

ib. N.D. \* (Here)

and, as this was the popular  
form of dear, there are probably  
other editions. Suspend binding

Of Editions in 12mo. Note —

London. 1756 \* Here, bound

ib. 1759.

ib. 1763 \* here?

ib. 1771. \* here.

Boston Public Library.



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39

ACCESSION No. 15-9-897

ADDED May 1873

CATALOGUED BY

REVISED BY

## MEMORANDA

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
KING  
LEAR.

Acted at the  
Duke's Theatre.

---

Reviv'd with Alterations.

---

By N. TATE.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for E. Fleisher, and are to be sold by R. Bentley, and M. Magnes in Russel-street near Covent-Garden, 1681.

*Richard*

*Benet*

---

T O

My Esteemed F R I E N D

Thomas Boteler, Esq;

S I R,

**Y**OU have a natural Right to this Piece, since, by your Advice, I attempted the Revival of it with Alterations. Nothing but the Power of your Perswasion, and my Zeal for all the Remains of Shakespear, cou'd have wrought me to so bold an Undertaking. I found that the New-modelling of this Story, wou'd force me sometimes on the difficult Task of making the chiefeſt Persons ſpeak ſomething like their Character, on Matter whereof I had no Ground in my Author. Lear's real, and Ed-



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

gar's pretended Madnefs have so much of extravagant Nature (*I know not how else to express it*) as cou'd never have started but from our Shakespear's Creating Fancy. The Images and Language are so odd and surprizing, and yet so agreeable and proper, that whilst we grant that none but Shakespear cou'd have form'd such Conceptions, yet we are satisfied that they were the only Things in the World that ought to be said on those Occasions. I found the whole to answer your Account of it, a Heap of Jewels, unstrung and unpolisht; yet so dazling in their Disorder, that I soon perceiv'd I had seiz'd a Treasure. 'Twas my good Fortune to light on one Expedient to rectifie what was wanting in the Regularity and Probability of the Tale, which was to run through the whole A Love betwixt Edgar and Cordelia, that never chang'd word with each other in the Original. This renders Cordelia's Indifference and her Father's Passion in the first Scene probable. It likewise gives Countenance to Edgar's Disguise, making that a generous Design that was before a poor Shift to save his Life. The Distress of the Story is evidently heightned by it; and it particularly gave Occasion of a New Scene or Two, of more Success (*perhaps*) than Merit. This Method necessarily threw me on making the Tale conclude in a

Success



## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Success to the innocent distressed Persons : Otherwise I must have incumbered the Stage with dead Bodies, which Conduct makes many Tragedies conclude with unreasonable Fests. Yet was I Rackt with no small Fears for so bold a Change, till I found it well receiv'd by my Audience; and if this will not satisfy the Reader, I can produce an Authority that question-*  
*less will. Neither is it of so Trivial an Undertaking to make a Tragedy end happily, for 'tis more difficult to Save than 'tis to Kill: The Dagger and Cup of Poyson are alwaies in Readiness; but to bring the Action to the last Extremity, and then by probable Means to recover All, will require the Art and Judgment of a Writer, and cost him many a Pang in the Performance.*

*Mr. Dryd.  
Pref. to the  
Span. Fryar.*

*I have one thing more to Apologize for, which is, that I have us'd less Quaintness of Expression even in the newest Parts of this Play. I confess 'twas Design in me, partly to comply with my Author's Style to make the Scenes of a Piece, and partly to give it some Resemblance of the Time and Persons here Represented. This, Sir, I submit wholly to you, who are both a Judge and Master of Style. Nature had exempted you before you went Abroad from the Morose Saturnine Humour of our Country, and you brought home the Resi-*  
*nedness*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*nedness of Travel without the Affeclation. Many Faults  
I see in the following Pages, and question not but you  
will discover more; yet I will presume so far on your  
Friendship, as to make the Whole a Present to you, and  
Subscribe my self*

Your obliged Friend

and humble Servant,

N. Tate.

PRO-

---

# PROLOGUE.

*S*ince by Mistakes your best Delights are made,  
(For ev'n your Wives can please in Masquerade)  
'Twere worth our While t' have drawn you in this day  
By a new Name to our old honest Play;  
But he that did this Evenings Treat prepare  
Bluntly resolv'd before-hand to declare  
Your Entertainment should be most old Fare.  
Yet hopes, since in rich Shakespear's soil it grew,  
'Twill relish yet with those whose Tasts are True,  
And his Ambition is to please a Few.  
If then this Heap of Flow'rs shall chance to wear  
Fresh Beauty in the Order they now bear,  
Ev'n this Shakespear's Praise; each Rustick knows  
'Mongst plenteous Flow'rs a Garland to Compose,  
Which strung by his course Hand may fairer Show,  
But 'twas a Pow'r Divine first made 'em Grow.  
Why shou'd these Scenes lie hid, in which we find  
What may at Once divert and teach the Mind?  
Morals were alwaies proper for the Stage,  
But are ev'n necessary in this Age.  
Poets must take the Churches Teaching Trade,  
Since Priests their Province of Intrigue invade;  
But We the worst in this Exchange have got,  
In vain our Poets Preach, whilst Church-men Plot.



# The Persons.

King *Lear*,  
*Gloster*,  
*Kent*,  
*Edgar*,  
*Bastard*,  
*Cornwall*,  
*Albany*,  
*Gentleman-Usher*,

Mr. *Betterton*.  
Mr. *Gillo*.  
Mr. *Wiltshire*.  
Mr. *Smith*.  
Mr. *Jo. Williams*.  
Mr. *Norris*.  
Mr. *Bowman*.  
Mr. *Jevon*.

*Gonerill*,  
*Regan*,  
*Cordelia*,

Mrs. *Shadwell*.  
Lady *Slingsby*.  
Mrs. *Barry*.

*Guards, Officers, Messengers, Attendants.*

# KING LEAR.

## A

# TRAGEDY.

---

### ACT I.

*Enter Bastard solus.*

*Bast.* **T**HOU Nature art my Goddess, to thy Law  
 My Services are bound, why am I then  
 Depriv'd of a Son's Right because I came not  
 In the dull Road that custom has prescrib'd ?  
 Why Bastard, wherefore Base, when I can boast  
 A Mind as gen'rous and a Shape as true  
 As honest Madam's Issue ? why are we  
 Held Base, who in the lusty stealth of Nature  
 Take fiercer Qualities than what compound  
 The scant'd Births of the stale Marriage-bed ?  
 Well then, legitimate *Edgar*, to thy right  
 Of Law I will oppose a Bastard's Cunning.  
 Our Father's Love is to the Bastard *Edmund*  
 As to Legitimate *Edgar* : with success  
 I've practis'd yet on both their easie Natures :  
 Here comes the old Man chaf't with th' Information  
 Which last I forg'd against my Brother *Edgar*,



A Tale so plausible, so boldly utter'd  
 And heightned by such lucky Accidents,  
 That now the slightest circumstance confirms him,  
 And Base-born *Edmund* spight of Law inherits.

*Enter Kent and Gloster.*

*Gloft.* Nay, good my Lord, your Charity  
 O'reshoots it self to plead in his behalf;  
 You are your self a Father, and may feel  
 The sting of disobedience from a Son  
 First-born and best Belov'd: Oh Villain *Edgar*!

*Kent.* Be not too rash, all may be forgery,  
 And time yet clear the Duty of your Son.

*Gloft.* Plead with the Seas, and reason down the Winds,  
 Yet shalt thou ne're convince me, I have seen  
 His foul Designs through all a Father's fondness:  
 But be this Light and Thou my Witnesses  
 That I discard him here from my Possessions,  
 Divorce him from my Heart, my Blood and Name.

*Bast.* It works as I cou'd wish; I'll shew my self.

*Gloft.* Ha *Edmund*! welcome Boy; O *Kent* see here  
 Inverted Nature, *Gloster's* Shame and Glory,  
 This By-born, the wild folly of my Youth,  
 Pursues me with all filial Offices,  
 Whilst *Edgar*, begg'd of Heaven and born in Honour,  
 Draws plagues on my white head that urge me still  
 To curse in Age the pleasure of my Youth.  
 Nay weep not, *Edmund*, for thy Brother's crimes;  
 O gen'rous Boy, thou shar'st but half his blood,  
 Yet lov'st beyond the kindness of a Brother.  
 But I'll reward thy Vertue. Follow me.  
 My Lord, you wait the King who comes resolv'd  
 To quit the Toils of Empire, and divide  
 His Realms amongst his Daughters, Heaven succeed it,  
 But much I fear the Change.

*Kent.* I grieve to see him  
 With such wild starts of passion hourly seiz'd,  
 As renders Majesty beneath it self.

*Gloft.* Alas! 'tis the Infirmary of his Age,

Yet

Yet has his Temper ever been unfixt,  
Chol'rick and suddain ; hark, They approach.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Bast.*

*Flourish.* Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Burgundy, Edgar,  
Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, Edgar *speaking to Cordelia at*  
*Entrance.*

*Edgar.* *Cordelia*, royal Fair, turn yet once more,  
And e're successfull *Burgundy* receive  
The treasure of thy Beauties from the King,  
E're happy *Burgundy* for ever fold Thee,  
Cast back one pitying Look on wretched *Edgar*.

*Cord.* Alas what wou'd the wretched *Edgar* with  
The more Unfortunate *Cordelia* ;  
Who in obedience to a Father's will  
Flys from her *Edgar's* Arms to *Burgundy's* ?

*Lear.* Attend my Lords of *Albany* and *Cornwall*  
With Princely *Burgundy*.

*Alb.* We do, my Liege.

*Lear.* Give me the Mapp— know, Lords, We have divided  
In Three our Kingdom, having now resolved  
To disengage from Our long Toil of State,  
Conferring All upon your younger years ;  
You, *Burgundy*, *Cornwall* and *Albany*  
Long in Our Court have made your amorous sojourn  
And now are to be answer'd— tell me my Daughters  
Which of you Loves Us most, that We may place  
Our largest Bounty with the largest Merit.  
*Gonerill*, Our Eldest-born, speak first.

*Gon.* Sir, I do love You more than words can utter,  
Beyond what can be valu'd, Rich or Rare,  
Nor Liberty, nor Sight, Health, Fame, or Beauty  
Are half so dear, my Life for you were vile,  
As much as Child can love the best of Fathers.

*Lear.* Of all these Bounds, ev'n from this Line to this  
With shady Forests and wide-skirted Meads,  
We make Thee Lady, to thine and *Albany's* Issue  
Be this perpetual— What says Our Second Daughter ?

*Reg.* My Sister, Sir, in part exprest my Love,



For such as Hers, is mine, though more extended;  
Sense has no other Joy that I can relish,  
I have my All in my dear Lieges Love!

*Lear.* Therefore to thee and thine Hereditary  
Remain this ample Third of our fair Kingdom.

*Cord.* Now comes my Trial, how am I distrest, [Aside.  
That must with cold speech tempt the chol'rick King  
Rather to leave me Dowerless, than condemn me  
To loath'd Embraces!

*Lear.* Speak now Our last, not least in Our dear Love,  
So ends my Task of State,—— *Cordelia* speak,  
What canst Thou say to win a richer Third  
Than what thy Sisters gain'd?

*Cord.* Now must my Love in words fall short of theirs  
As much as it exceeds in Truth—— Nothing my Lord.

*Lear.* Nothing can come of Nothing, speak agen.

*Cord.* Unhappy am I that I can't dissemble,  
Sir, as I ought, I love your Majesty,  
No more nor less.

*Lear.* Take heed *Cordelia*,  
Thy Fortunes are at stake, think better on't  
And mend thy Speech a little.

*Cord.* O my Liege,  
You gave me Being, Bred me, dearly Love me,  
And I return my Duty as I ought,  
Obey you, Love you, and most Honour you!  
Why have my Sisters Husbands, if they love you All?  
Happ'y when I shall Wed, the Lord whose Hand  
Shall take my Plight, will carry half my Love,  
For I shall never marry, like my Sisters,  
To Love my Father All.

*Lear.* And goes thy Heart with this?  
'Tis said that I am Chol'rick, judge me Gods,  
Is there not cause? now Minion I perceive  
The Truth of what has been suggested to Us,  
Thy Fondness for the Rebel Son of *Gloster*,  
False to his Father, as Thou art to my Hopes:  
And oh take heed, rash Girl, lest We comply  
With thy fond wishes, which thou wilt too late  
Repent, for know Our nature cannot brook

A Child so young and so Ungentle.

*Cord.* So young my Lord and True.

*Lear.* Thy Truth then be thy Dow'r,  
For by the sacred Sun and solemn Night  
I here disclaim all my paternal Care,  
And from this minute hold thee as a Stranger  
Both to my Blood and Favour.

*Kent.* This is Frenzy.

Consider, good my Liege——

*Lear.* Peace *Kent*.

Come not between a Dragon and his Rage.  
I lov'd her most, and in her tender Trust  
Design'd to have bestow'd my Age at Ease!  
So be my Grave my Peace as here I give  
My Heart from her, and with it all my Wealth:  
My Lords of *Cornwall* and of *Albany*,  
I do invest you jointly with full Right  
In this fair Third, *Cordelia's* forfeit Dow'r.  
Mark me, My Lords, observe Our last Resolve,  
Our Self attended with an hundred Knights  
Will make Abroad with you in monthly Course,  
The Name alone of King remain with me,  
Yours be the Execution and Revenues,  
This is Our final Will, and to confirm it  
This Coronet part between you.

*Kent.* Royal *Lear*,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,  
Lov'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,  
And as my Patron thought on in my Pray'rs——

*Lear.* Away, the Bow is bent, make from the Shaft.

*Kent.* No, let it fall and drench within my Heart,

Be *Kent* unmannerly when *Lear* is mad:

Thy youngest Daughter——

*Lear.* On thy Life no more.

*Kent.* What wilt thou doe, old Man?

*Lear.* Out of my sight!

*Kent.* See better first.

*Lear.* Now by the gods——

*Kent.* Now by the gods, rash King, thou swear'st in vain.

*Lear.* Ha Traytour——

*Kent.* Do,



*Kent.* Do, kill thy Physician, *Lear*,  
Strike through my Throat, yet with my latest Breath  
I'll Thunder in thine Ear my just Complaint,  
And tell Thee to thy Face that Thou dost ill.

*Lear.* Hear me rash Man, on thy Allegiance hear me ;  
Since thou hast striv'n to make Us break our Vow  
And prest between our Sentence and our Pow'r,  
Which nor our Nature nor our Place can bear,  
We banish thee for ever from our Sight  
And Kingdom ; if when Three days are expir'd  
Thy hated Trunk be found in our Dominions  
That moment is thy Death ; Away.

*Kent.* Why fare thee well, King, since thou art resolv'd,  
I take thee at thy word, and will not stay  
To see thy Fall : the gods protect the Maid  
That truly thinks, and has most justly said.  
Thus to new Climates my old Truth I bear,  
Friendship lives Hence, and Banishment is Here. [Exit.

*Lear.* Now *Burgundy*, you see her Price is faln,  
Yet if the fondness of your Passion still  
Affects her as she stands, Dow'rless, and lost  
In our Esteem, she's yours, take her or leave her.

*Burg.* Pardon me, Royal *Lear*, I but demand  
The Dow'r your Self propos'd, and here I take  
*Cordelia* by the Hand Dutcheß of *Burgundy*.

*Lear.* Then leave her Sir, for by a Father's rage  
I tell you all her Wealth. Away.

*Burg.* Then Sir be pleas'd to charge the breach  
Of our Alliance on your own Will  
Not my Inconstancy.

[Exeunt. Manent *Edgar* and *Cordelia*.

*Edg.* Has Heaven then weigh'd the merit of my Love,  
Or is't the raving of my sickly Thought ?  
Cou'd *Burgundy* forgoe so rich a Prize  
And leave her to despairing *Edgar's* Arms ?  
Have I thy Hand *Cordelia*, do I clasp it,  
The Hand that was this minute to have join'd  
My hated Rivals ? do I kneel before thee  
And offer at thy feet my panting Heart ?  
Smile, Princess, and convince me, for as yet

I doubt,



I doubt, and dare not trust the dazling Joy.

*Cord.* Some Comfort yet that 'twas no vicious Blot  
That has depriv'd me of a Father's Grace,  
But meerly want of that that makes me rich  
In wanting it, a smooth professing Tongue :  
O Sisters, I am loth to call your fault  
As it deserves; but use our Father well,  
And wrong'd *Cordelia* never shall repine.

*Edg.* O heav'nly Maid that art thy self thy Dow'r,  
Richer in Vertue than the Stars in Light,  
If *Edgar's* humble fortunes may be grac't  
With thy Acceptance, at thy feet he lays 'em.  
Ha my *Cordelia*! dost thou turn away?  
What have I done t'offend Thee?

*Cord.* Talk't of Love.

*Edg.* Then I've offended oft, *Cordelia* too  
Has oft permitted me so to offend.

*Cord.* When, *Edgar*, I permitted your Addresses,  
I was the darling Daughter of a King,  
Nor can I now forget my royal Birth,  
And live dependent on my Lover's Fortune.  
I cannot to so low a fate submit,  
And therefore study to forget your Passion,  
And trouble me upon this Theam no more.

*Edg.* Thus Majesty takes most State in Distress!  
How are we tost on Fortune's fickle flood!  
The Wave that with surprising kindness brought  
The dear Wreck to my Arms, has snatcht it back,  
And left me mourning on the barren Shore.

*Cord.* This Baseness of th' ignoble *Burgundy* [Aside.  
Draws just suspicion on the Race of Men,  
His Love was Int'rest, so may *Edgar's* be  
And He but with more Complement dissemble;  
If so, I shall oblige him by Denying:  
But if his Love be fixt, such Constant flame  
As warms our Breasts, if such I find his Passion,  
My Heart as gratefull to his Truth shall be,  
And Cold *Cordelia* prove as Kind as He. [Exit.

*Enter Bastard hastily.*

*Bast.* Brother, I've found you in a lucky minute,

Fly

Fly and be safe, some Villain has incens'd  
Our Father against your Life.

*Edg.* Distrest *Cordelia* ! but oh ! more Cruel !

*Bast.* Hear me Sir, your Life, your Life's in Danger.

*Edg.* A Resolve so sudden  
And of such black Importance !

*Bast.* 'Twas not sudden,  
Some Villain has of long time laid the Train.

*Edg.* And yet perhaps 'twas but pretended Coldness,  
To try how far my passion would pursue.

*Bast.* He hears me not ; wake, wake Sir.

*Edg.* Say ye Brother ?—  
No Tears good *Edmund*, if thou bringst me tidings  
To strike me dead, for Charity delay not,  
That present will besit so kind a Hand.

*Bast.* Your danger Sir comes on so fast  
That I want time t'inform you, but retire  
Whilst I take care to turn the pressing Stream.  
O gods ! for Heav'n's sake Sir.

*Edg.* Pardon me Sir, a serious Thought  
Had seiz'd me, but I think you talkt of danger  
And wisht me to Retire ; must all our Vows  
End thus !— Friend I obey you— O *Cordelia* ! [ *Exit.*

*Bast.* Ha ! ha ! fond Man, such credulous Honesty  
Lessens the Glory of my Artifice,  
His Nature is so far from doing wrongs  
That he suspects none : if this Letter speed  
And pass for *Edgar's*, as himself wou'd own  
The Counterfeit but for the foul Contents,  
Then my designs are perfect— here comes *Gloster*.

[ *Enter Gloster.*

*Gloft.* Stay *Edmund*, turn, what paper were you reading ?

*Bast.* A Trifle Sir.

*Gloft.* What needed then that terrible dispatch of it  
Into your Pocket, come produce it Sir.

*Bast.* A Letter from my Brother Sir, I had  
Just broke the Seal but knew not the Contents,  
Yet fearing they might prove to blame  
Endeavour'd to conceal it from your sight.

*Gloft.* 'Tis *Edgar's* Character.

[ *Reads.*

This



*This Policy of Fathers is intollerable that keeps our Fortunes from us till Age will not suffer us to enjoy 'em ; I am weary of the Tyranny : Come to me that of this I may speak more : if our Father would sleep till I wak't him, you shou'd enjoy half his Possessions, and live beloved of your Brother*

Edgar.

Slept till I wake him, you shou'd enjoy  
Half his possessions— *Edgar* to write this  
'Gainst his indulgent Father ! Death and Hell !  
Fly, *Edmund*, seek him out, wind me into him  
That I may bite the Traytor's heart, and fold  
His bleeding Entrails on my vengefull Arm.

*Bast.* Perhaps 'twas writ, my Lord, to prove my Vertue.

*Gloft.* These late Eclipses of the Sun and Moon  
Can bode no less ; Love cools, and friendship fails,  
In Cities mutiny, in Countrys discord,  
The bond of Nature crack't 'twixt Son and Father :  
Find out the Villain, do it carefully  
And it shall lose thee nothing. [Exit.]

*Bast.* So, now my project's firm, but to make sure  
I'll throw in one proof more and that a bold one ;  
I'll place old *Gloster* where he shall o're-hear us  
Confer of this design, whilst to his thinking,  
Deluded *Edgar* shall accuse himself.  
Be Honesty my Int'rest and I can  
Be honest too, and what Saint so Divine  
That will successfull Villany decline ! [Exit.]

*Enter Kent disguis'd.*

*Kent.* Now banisht *Kent*, if thou canst pay thy duty  
In this disguise where thou dost stand condemn'd,  
Thy Master *Lear* shall find thee full of Labours.

*Enter Lear attended.*

*Lear.* In there, and tell our Daughter we are here  
Now ; What art Thou ?

*Kent.* A Man, Sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess, or wou'dst with us?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less then I seem, to serve him truly that puts me in Trust, to love him that's Honest, to converse with him that's wise and speaks little, to fight when I can't choose; and to eat no Fish.

*Lear.* I say, what art Thou?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

*Lear.* Then art thou poor indeed — What can'st thou do?

*Kent.* I can keep honest Counsel, marr a curious Tale in the telling, deliver a plain Message bluntly, that which ordinary Men are fit for I am qualify'd in, and the best of me is Diligence.

*Lear.* Follow me, thou shalt serve me.

*Enter one of Gonerill's Gentlemen.*

Now Sir?

*Gent.* Sir ———— [*Exit; Kent runs after him.*]

*Lear.* What says the fellow? Call the Clatpole back.

*Att.* My Lord, I know not, but methinks your Highness is entertain'd with slender Ceremony.

*Servant.* He says, my Lord, your Daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the Slave back when I call'd him?

*Serv.* My Lord, he answer'd me i'th' surliest manner, That he wou'd not.

*Re-enter Gentleman brought in by Kent.*

*Lear.* I hope our Daughter did not so instruct him:  
Now, who am I Sir?

*Gent.* My Ladies Father.

*Lear.* My Lord's Knave ——— [*Strikes him.*]

[*Gonerill at the Entrance.*]

*Gent.* I'll not be struck my Lord.

*Kent.* Nor tript neither, thou vile Civet-box.

[*Strikes up his heels.*]

*Gon.* By Day and Night this is insufferable,  
I will not bear it.

*Lear.* Now, Daughter, why that frontlet on?  
Speak, do's that Frown become our Presence?

*Gon.* Sir,



*Gon.* Sir, this licentious Insolence of your Servants  
Is most unseemly, hourly they break out  
In quarrels bred by their unbounded Riots,  
I had fair hope by making this known to you  
T'have had a quick Redress, but find too late  
That you protect and countenance their out-rage;  
And therefore, Sir, I take this freedom, which  
Necessity makes Discreet.

*Lear.* Are you our Daughter?

*Gon.* Come, Sir, let me entreat you to make use  
Of your discretion, and put off betimes  
This Disposition that of late transforms you  
From what you rightly are.

*Lear.* Do's any here know me? why this is not *Lear*.  
Do's *Lear* walk thus? speak thus? where are his Eyes?  
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

*Gon.* Come, Sir, this Admiration's much o'th' favour  
Of other your new humours, I beseech you  
To understand my purposes aright;  
As you are old, you shou'd be staid and wise,  
Here do you keep an hundred Knights and Squires,  
Men so debauched and bold that this our Palace  
Shews like a riotous Inn, a Tavern, Brothel;  
Be then advised by her that else will take  
The she beggs, to lessen your Attendance,  
Take half a way, and see that the remainder  
Be such as may besit your Age, and know  
Themselves and you.

*Lear.* Darknes and Devils!

Saddle my Horses, call my Train together,  
Degenerate Viper, I'll not stay with Thee;  
I yet have left a Daughter—Serpent, Monster,  
Lessen my Train, and call 'em riotous?  
All men approv'd of choice and rarest Parts,  
That each particular of duty know—  
How small, *Cordelia*, was thy Fault? O *Lear*,  
Beat at this Gate that let thy Folly in,  
And thy dear Judgment out; Go, go, my People.

[*Going off meets Albany entring.*  
Ingratefull Duke, was this your will?

*Alb.* What Sir?

*Lear.* Death! fifty of my Followers at a clap!

*Alb.* The matter Madam?

*Gon.* Never afflict your self to know the Cause,  
But give his Dotage way.

*Lear.* Blasts upon thee,  
Th' untented woundings of a Father's Curse  
Pierce ev'ry Sense about Thee; old fond Eyes  
Lament this Cause again, I'll pluck ye out  
And cast ye with the Waters that ye lose  
To temper Clay— No, *Gorgon*, thou shalt find  
That I'll resume the Shape which thou dost think  
I have cast off for ever.

*Gon.* Mark ye that.

*Lear.* Hear Nature!

Dear Goddess hear, and if thou dost intend  
To make that Creature fruitfull, change thy purpose;  
Pronounce upon her Womb the barren Curse,  
That from her blasted Body never spring  
A Babe to honour her— but if she must bring forth,  
Defeat her Joy with some distorted Birth,  
Or monstrous Form, the Prodigy o'th' Time,  
And so perverse of spirit, that it may Live  
Her Torment as 'twas Born, to fret her Cheeks  
With constant Tears, and wrinkle her young Brow,  
Turn all her Mother's Pains to Shame and Scorn,  
That she may curse her Crime too late, and feel  
How sharper than a Serpent's Tooth it is  
To have a Thankless Child! Away, away. [*Exit cum suis.*]

*Gon.* Presuming thus upon his numerous Train  
He thinks to play the Tyrant here, and hold  
Our Lives at will.

*Alb.* Well, you may bear too far. [*Ex.*]

*End of the First Act.*

ACT



## ACT II.

SCENE, *Gloster's House.**Enter Bastard.*

*Bast.* **T**HE Duke comes here to night, I'll take advantage  
 Of his Arrival to compleat my project,  
 Brother a Word, come forth, 'tis I your Friend, [*Enter Edgar.*  
 My Father watches for you, fly this place,  
 Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid,  
 Take the advantage of the Night, bethink ye  
 Have not spoke against the Duke of *Cornwall*.  
 Something might shew you a favourer of  
 Duke *Albany's* Party?

*Edg.* Nothing, why ask you?

*Bast.* Because he's coming here to Night in haste  
 And *Regan* with him—heark! the Guards, Away.

*Ed.* Let 'em come on, I'll stay and clear my self.

*Bast.* Your Innocence at leisure may be heard,  
 But *Gloster's* storming Rage as yet is deaf,  
 And you may perish e're allow'd the hearing. [*Ex. Edgar.*  
*Gloster* comes yonder: now to my feign'd scuffle—  
 Yield, come before my Father! Lights here, Lights!  
 Some Blood drawn on me wou'd beget opinion [*Stabs his Arm.*  
 Of our more fierce Encounter—I have seen  
 Drunkards do more than this in sport.

*Glost.* Now, *Edmund*, where's the Traytour? } *Enter Gloster*  
 } *and Servants.*

*Bast.* That Name, Sir,  
 Strikes Horrour through me, but my Brother, Sir,  
 Stood here i'th' Dark.

*Glost.* Thou bleed'st, pursue the Villain  
 And bring him piece-meal to me.

*Bast.* Sir, he's fled.

*Glost.* Let him fly far, this Kingdom shall not hide him:

The

The noble Duke, my Patron, comes to Night,  
 By his Authority I will proclaim  
 Rewards for him that brings him to the Stake,  
 And Death for the Concealer.  
 Then of my Lands, loyal and natural Boy,  
 I'll work the means to make thee capable.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Kent (disguis'd still) and Goneril's Gentleman, severally.*

*Gent.* Good morrow Friend, belong'st thou to this House?

*Kent.* Ask them will answer thee.

*Gent.* Where may we set our Horses?

*Kent.* I'th' Mire.

*Gent.* I am in haste, prethee an' thou lov'st me, tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Gent.* Why then I care not for Thee.

*Kent.* An' I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I'd make thee care for me.

*Gent.* What dost thou mean? I know thee not.

*Kent.* But, Minion, I know Thee.

*Gent.* What dost thou know me for?

*Kent.* For a base, proud, beggarly, white-liver'd, Glas-gazing, superserviceable finical Rogue; one that wou'd be a Pimp in way of good Service, and art nothing but a composition of Knave, Beggar, Coward, Pandar——

*Gent.* What a monstrous Fellow art thou to rail at one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee?

*Kent.* Impudent Slave, not know me, who but two days since tript up thy heels before the King: draw, Miscreant, or I'll make the Moon shine through thee.

*Gent.* What means the Fellow? — Why prethee, prethee; I tell thee I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* I know your Rogueship's Office, you come with Letters against the King, taking my young Lady *Vanity's* part against her royal Father; draw Rascal.

*Gent.* Murther, murther, help Ho!

*Kent.* Dost thou scream Peacock, strike Puppet, stand dappar Slave.

*Gent.* Help Hea'! Murther, help. [*Exit. Kent after him.*]

*Flourish.*



*Flourish.* Enter Duke of Cornwall, Regan, attended, Gloster, Bastard.

*Gloster.* All Welcome to your Graces, you do me honour.

*Duke.* *Gloster* w<sup>e</sup> have heard with sorrow that your Life Has been attempted by your impious Son, But *Edmund* here has paid you strictest Duty.

*Gloster.* He did betray his Practice, and receiv'd The Hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

*Duke.* Is He pursu'd?

*Gloster.* He is, my Lord.

*Reg.* Use our Authority to apprehend The Traytour and do Justice on his Head; For you, *Edmund*, that have so signaliz'd Your Vertue, you from henceforth shall be ours; Natures of such firm Trust we much shall need. A charming Youth and worth my further Thought. [*Aside.*]

*Duke.* Lay comforts, noble *Gloster*, to your Breast, As we to ours, This Night be spent in Revels, We choose you, *Gloster*, for our Host to Night, A troublesome expression of our Love. On, to the Sports before us—who are These?

*Enter the Gentleman pursu'd by Kent.*

*Gloster.* Now, what's the matter?

*Duke.* Keep peace upon your Lives, he dies that strikes. Whence and what are ye?

*Att.* Sir, they are Messengers, the one from your Sister, The other from the King.

*Duke.* Your Difference? speak.

*Gent.* I'm scarce in breath, my Lord.

*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your Valour. Nature disclaims the Dastard, a Taylor made him.

*Duke.* Speak yet, how grew your Quarrel?

*Gent.* Sir this old Ruffian here, whose Life I spar'd In pity to his Beard——

*Kent.* Thou Essence Bottle!

In pity to my Beard? — Your leave, my Lord,

And

And I will tread the Mus-cat into Mortar.

*Duke.* Know'st thou our Presence?

*Kent.* Yes, Sir, but Anger has a Privilege.

*Duke.* Why art thou angry?

*Kent.* That such a Slave as this shou'd wear a Sword  
And have no Courage, Office and no Honesty.

Not Frost and Fire hold more Antipathy

Than I and such a Knave.

*Gloft.* Why dost thou call him Knave?

*Kent.* His Countenance likes me not.

*Duke.* No more perhaps does Mine, nor His or Hers.

*Kent.* Plain-dealing is my Trade, and to be plain, Sir,  
I have seen better Faces in my time  
Than stands on any Shoulders now before me.

*Reg.* This is some Fellow that having once been prais'd,  
For Bluntness, since affects a sawcy Rudeness,  
But I have known one of these surly Knaves  
That in his Plainness harbour'd more Design  
Than twenty cringing complementing Minions.

*Duke.* What's the offence you gave him?

*Gent.* Never any, Sir.

It pleas'd the King his Master lately  
To strike me on a slender misconstruction,  
Whilst watching his Advantage this old Lurcher  
Tript me behind, for which the King extold him;  
And, flusht with th' honour of this bold exploit,  
Drew on me here agen.

*Duke.* Bring forth the Stocks, we'll teach you.

*Kent.* Sir I'm too old to learn;

Call not the Stocks for me, I serve the King,  
On whose Employment I was sent to you,  
You'll shew too small Respect, and too bold Malice  
Against the Person of my royal Master,  
Stocking his Messenger.

*Duke.* Bring forth the Stocks, as I have Life and Honour,  
There shall he sit till Noon.

*Reg.* Till Noon, my Lord? till Night, and all Night too.

*Kent.* Why, Madam, if I were your Father's Dog  
You wou'd not use me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his Knave I will.

*Gloft.* Let



*Gloft.* Let me beseech your Graces to forbear him,  
His fault is much, and the good King his Master  
Will check him for't, but needs must take it ill  
To be thus slighted in his Messenger.

*Duke.* Wee'l answer that ;  
Our Sister may receive it worse to have  
Her Gentleman assaulted : to our business lead. [ *Exit.*

*Gloft.* I am sorry for thee, Friend, 'tis the Duke's pleasure  
Whose Disposition will not be controll'd,  
But I'll entreat for thee.

*Kent.* Pray do not, Sir—  
I have watcht and travell'd hard,  
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle :  
Fare-well t'ye, Sir. [ *Ex. Glost.*

All weary and o're-watcht,  
I feel the drowzy Guest steal on me ; take  
Advantage heavy Eyes of this kind Slumber,  
Not to behold this vile and shamefull Lodging. [ *Sleeps.*

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* I heard my self proclaim'd,  
And by the friendly Hollow of a Tree  
Escapt the Hunt, no Port is free, no place  
Where Guards and most unusual Vigilance  
Do not attend to take me—how easie now  
'Twere to defeat the malice of my Trale,  
And leave my Grievs on my Sword's reeking point ;  
But Love detains me from Death's peacefull Cell,  
Still whispering me *Cordelia's* in distress ;  
Unkinde as she is I cannot see her wretched,  
But must be neer to wait upon her Fortune.  
Who knows but the white minute yet may come  
When *Edgar* may do service to *Cordelia*,  
That charming Hope still ties me to the Oar  
Of painfull Life, and makes me too, submit  
To th' humblest shifts to keep that Life a foot ;  
My Face I will besmear and knit my Locks,  
The Country gives me proof and president  
Of Bedlam Beggars, who with roaring Voices

D

Strike

Strike in their numm'd and mortify'd bare Arms  
 Pins, Iron-spikes, Thorns, sprigs of Rosemary,  
 And thus from Sheep-coats Villages and Mills,  
 Sometimes with Prayers, sometimes with Lunatick Banns  
 Enforce their Charity, poor *Tyrligod*, poor *Tom*  
 That's something yet, *Edgar* I am no more.

[*Exit*

*Kent in the Stocks still; Enter Lear attended.*

*Lear.* 'Tis strange that they shou'd so depart from home  
 And not send back our Messenger.

*Kent.* Hail, noble Master.

*Lear.* How? mak'st thou this Shame thy Pastime?  
 What's he that has so much mistook thy Place  
 To set thee here?

*Kent.* It is both He and She, Sir, your Son and Daughter.

*Lear.* No. *Kent:* Yes: *Lear:* No I say. *Kent:* I say yea:

*Lear.* By *Jupiter* I swear no.

*Kent.* By *Juno* I swear, I swear I.

*Lear.* They durst not do't

They cou'd not, wou'd not do't, 'tis worse then Murder  
 To doe upon Respect such violent out-rage.

Resolve me with all modest haste which way  
 Thou mayst deserve, or they impose this usage?

*Kent.* My Lord, when at their Home  
 I did commend your Highness Letters to them,  
 E'er I was Ris'n, arriv'd another Post  
 Steer'd in his haste, breathless and panting forth  
 From *Gonerill* his Mistress Salutations,  
 Whose Message being deliver'd, they took Horse,  
 Commanding me to follow and attend  
 The leisure of their Answer; which I did,  
 But meeting that other Messenger  
 Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,  
 Being the very Fellow that of late  
 Had shew'n such rudeness to your Highness, I  
 Having more Man than Wit about me, Drew,  
 On which he rais'd the House with Coward cries:  
 This was the Trespass which your Son and Daughter  
 Thought worth the shame you see it suffer here.

*Lear.*



*Lear.* Oh! how this Spleen swells upward to my Heart  
And heaves for passage—— down thou climbing Rage  
Thy Element's below; where is this Daughter?

*Kent.* Within, Sir, at a Masque.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Lear.* Now *Gloster*?—— ha!  
Deny to speak with me? th'are sick, th'are weary,  
They have travell'd hard to Night—— meer fetches;  
Bring me a better Answer.

*Gloft.* My dear Lord,  
You know the fiery Quality of the Duke——

*Lear.* Vengeance! Death, Plague, Confusion,  
Fiery? what Quality—— why *Gloster*, *Gloster*,  
I'd speak with the Duke of *Cornwal* and his Wife.

*Gloft.* I have inform'd 'em so.

*Lear.* Inform'd 'em! dost thou understand me, Man,  
I tell thee *Gloster*——

*Gloft.* I, my good Lord.

*Lear.* The King wou'd speak with *Cornwal*, the dear Father  
Wou'd with his Daughter speak, commands her Service.  
Are they inform'd of this? my Breath and Blood!  
Fiery! the fiery Duke! tell the hot Duke ——  
No, but not yet, may be he is not well:  
Infirmary do's still neglect all Office;  
I beg his Pardon, and I'll chide my Rashness  
That took the indispos'd and sickly Fit  
For the sound Man—— but wherefore sits he there?  
Death on my State, this Act convinces me  
That this Retiredness of the Duke and her  
Is plain Contempt; give me my Servant forth,  
Go tell the Duke and's Wife I'd speak with 'em.  
Now, instantly, bid 'em come forth and hear me,  
Or at their Chamber door I'll beat the Drum  
Till it cry sleep to Death——

*Enter Cornwall and Regan.*

Oh! are ye come?

*Duke.* Health to the King.

*Reg.* I am glad to see your Highness.

*Lear.* *Regan*, I think you are, I know what cause  
I have to think so; shoud'st thou not be glad  
I wou'd divorce me from thy Mother's Tomb?  
Beloved *Regan*, thou wilt shake to hear  
What I shall utter: Thou could'st ne'r ha' thought it,  
Thy Sister's naught, O *Regan*, she has ty'd  
Ingratitude like a keen Vulture here, } *Kent here set at*  
I scarce can speak to thee. } *liberty.*

*Reg.* I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have hope  
That you know less to value her Desert,  
Then she to slack her Duty.

*Lear.* Ha! how's that?

*Reg.* I cannot think my Sister in the least  
Would fail in her respects, but if perchance  
She has restrain'd the Riots of your Followers  
'Tis on such Grounds, and to such wholesome Ends  
As clears her from all Blame.

*Lear.* My Curses on her.

*Reg.* O Sir, you are old  
And shou'd content you to be rul'd and led  
By some discretion that discerns your State  
Better than you yourself, therefore, Sir,  
Return to our Sister, and say you have wrong'd her.

*Lear.* Ha! ask her Forgiveness?

No, no, 'twas my mistake thou didst not mean so,  
Dear Daughter, I confess that I am old;  
Age is unnecessary, but thou art good,  
And wilt dispense with my Infirmary.

*Reg.* Good Sir, no more of these unsightly passions,  
Return back to our Sister.

*Lear.* Never, *Regan*,

She has abated me of half of my Train,  
Lookt black upon me, stabb'd me with her Tongue;  
All the stor'd Vengeances of Heav'n fall  
On her Ingratefull Head; strike her young Bones  
Ye taking Ayrs with Lameness.

*Reg.* O the blest Gods! Thus will you wish on me  
When the rash mood——

*Lear.*



*Lear.* No, *Regan*, Thou shalt never have my Curse,  
Thy tender Nature cannot give thee o're  
To such Impiety ; Thou better know'st  
The Offices of Nature, bond of Child-hood,  
And dues of Gratitude : Thou bear'st in mind  
The half o'th' Kingdom which our love conferr'd  
On thee and thine.

*Reg.* Good Sir, toth' purpose.

*Lear.* Who put my Man i'th' Stocks ?

*Duke.* What Trumpet's that ?

*Reg.* I know't, my Sister's, this confirms her Letters.  
Sir, is your Lady come ?

*Enter Gonerill's Gentleman.*

*Lear.* More Torture still ?  
This is a Slave whose easie borrow'd pride  
Dwells in the fickle Grace of her he follows ;  
A rashion-fop that spends the day in Dressing,  
And all to bear his Ladie's flatt'ring Message,  
That can deliver with a Grace her Lie,  
And with as bold a face bring back a greater.  
Out Varlet from my sight.

*Duke.* What means your Grace ?

*Lear.* Who stockt my Servant ? *Regan*, I have hope  
Thou didst not know it.

*Enter Gonerill.*

Who comes here ! oh Heavens !  
If you do love Old men, if your sweet sway  
Allow Obedience ; if your selves are Old,  
Make it your Cause, send down and take my part ;  
Why, *Gorgon*, dost thou come to haunt me here ?  
Art not asham'd to look upon this Beard ?  
Darkness upon my Eyes they play me false,  
O *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the Hand ?

*Gon.* Why not by th' Hand, Sir, how have I offended ?  
All's not Offence that indiscretion finds,  
And Dotage terms so.

*Lear.*

*Lear.* Heart thou art too tough.

*Reg.* I pray you, Sir, being old confess you are so,  
If till the expiration of your Month  
You will return and sojourn with your Sister,  
Dismissing half your Train, come then to me,  
I am now from Home, and out of that Provision  
That shall be needfull for your Entertainment.

*Lear.* Return with her and fifty Knights dismiss ?  
No, rather I'll forswear all Roofs, and chuse  
To be Companion to the Midnight Wolf,  
My naked Head expos'd to th' merciless Air  
Then have my smallest wants suppli'd by her.

*Gon.* At your choice, Sir.

*Lear.* Now I prithee Daughter do not make me mad ;  
I will not trouble thee, my Child, farewell,  
Wee'l meet no more, no more see one another ;  
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,  
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer strike,  
Nor tell Tales of thee to avenging Heav'n ;  
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leisure,  
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,  
I, and my hundred Knights.

*Reg.* Your Pardon, Sir.  
I lookt not for you yet, nor am provided  
For your fit welcome.

*Lear.* Is this well spoken now ?

*Reg.* My Sister treats you fair ; what fifty Followers  
Is it not well ? what shou'd you need of more ?

*Gon.* Why might not you, my Lord, receive Attendance  
From those whom she calls Servants, or from mine ?

*Reg.* Why not, my Lord ? if then they chance to slack you  
We could controll 'em—— if you come to me,  
For now I see the Danger, I entreat you  
To bring but Five and Twenty ; to no more  
Will I give place.

*Lear.* Hold now my Temper, stand this bolt unmov'd  
And I am Thunder-proof ;  
The wicked when compar'd with the more wicked  
Seem beautifull, and not to be the worst,  
Stands in some rank of Praise ; now, *Gonerill*,

Thou



Thou art innocent agen, I'll go with thee;  
Thy Fifty yet, do's double Five and Twenty,  
And thou art twice her Love.

*Gon.* Hear me, my Lord,  
What need you Five and Twenty, Ten, or Five,  
To follow in a House where twice so many  
Have a Command t'attend you?

*Reg.* What need one?

*Lear.* Blood, Fire! hear— Leapfrogs and bluest Plagues!  
Room, room for Hell to belch her Horrors up  
And drench the *Circes* in a stream of Fire;  
Heark how th' Infernals eccho to my Rage  
Their Whips and Snakes——

*Reg.* How lewd a thing is Passion!

*Gon.* So old and stomachfull. [*Lightning and Thunder.*]

*Lear.* Heav'ns drop your Patience down;  
You see me here, ye Gods, a poor old Man  
As full of Grievs as Age, wretched in both—  
I'll bear no more: no, you unnatural Haggs,  
I will have such Revenges on you both,  
That all the world shall—I will do such things  
What they are yet I know not, but they shall be  
The Terrors of the Earth; you think I'll weep, [*Thunder again.*]  
This Heart shall break into a thousand pieces  
Before I'll weep——O Gods! I shall go mad.

[*Exit.*]

*Duke.* 'Tis a wild Night, come out o'th' Storm.

[*Exeunt.*]

*End of the Second Act.*

ACT

## A C T I I I.

S C E N E, *A Desert Heath.**Enter Lear and Kent in the Storm.*

*Lear.* **B**LOW Winds and burst your Cheeks, rage louder yet,  
 Fantastick Lightning singe, singe my white Head ;  
 Spout Cataracts, and Hurricanos fall  
 Till you have drown'd the Towns and Palaces  
 Of proud ingratefull Man.

*Kent.* Not all my best intreaties can perswade him  
 Into some needfull shelter, or to 'bide  
 This poor slight Cov'ring on his aged Head  
 Expos'd to this wild war of Earth and Heav'n.

*Lear.* Rumble thy fill, fight Whirlwind, Rain and Fire :  
 Not Fire, Wind, Rain or Thunder are my Daughters :  
 I tax not you ye Elements with unkindness ;  
 I never gave you Kingdoms, call'd you Children,  
 You owe me no Obedience, then let fall  
 Your horrible pleasure, here I stand your Slave,  
 A poor, infirm, weak and despis'd old man ;  
 Yet I will call you servile Ministers,  
 That have with two pernicious Daughters join'd  
 Their high-engendred Battle against a Head  
 So Old and White as mine, Oh! oh! 'tis Foul.

*Kent.* Hard by, Sir, is a Hovel that will lend  
 Some shelter from this Tempest.

*Lear.* I will forget my Nature, what? so kind a Father,  
 I, there's the point.

*Kent.* Consider, good my Liege, Things that love Night  
 Love not such Nights as this; these wrathfull Skies  
 Frighten the very wanderers o'th' Dark,  
 And make 'em keep their Caves ; such drenching Rain,  
 Such Sheets of Fire, such Claps of horrid Thunder,

Such



Such Groans of roaring Winds have ne're been known.

*Lear.* Let the Great Gods,  
That keep this dreadful pudder o're our Heads  
Find out their Enemies now, tremble thou Wretch  
That hast within thee undiscover'd Crimes.  
Hide, thou bloody Hand,  
Thou perjur'd Villain, holy, holy Hypocrite,  
That drinkst the Widows Tears, sigh no v and cry  
These dreadful Summoners Grace, I am a Man  
More sin'd against than sinning.

*Kent.* Good Sir, to th' Hovell.

*Lear.* My wit begins to burn,  
Come on my Boy, how dost my Boy ? art Cold ?  
I'm cold my Self ; shew me this Straw, my Fellow,  
The Art of our Necessity is strange,  
And can make vile things precious ; my poor Knave,  
Cold as I am at Heart, I've one place There      [*Lond. Storm.*  
That's sorry yet for Thee.      [*Exit.*

*Gloster's Palace. Enter Bastard.*

*Bast.* The Storm is in our louder Rev'lings drown'd.  
Thus wou'd I Reign cou'd I but mount a Throne.  
The Riots of these proud imperial Sisters  
Already have impos'd the galling Yoke  
Of Taxes, and hard Impositions on  
The drudging Peasants Neck, who bellow out  
Their loud Complaints in Vain—Triumphant Queens !  
With what Assurance do they tread the Crowd.  
O for a Taft of such Majestick Beauty,  
Which none but my hot Veins are fit t'engage ;  
Nor are my Wishes desprate, for ev'n now  
During the Banquet I observed their Glances  
Shot thick at me, and as they left the Room  
Each cast by stealth a kind inviting Smile,  
The happy Earnest ——— ha !

*Two Servants from several Entrances deliver him each a  
Letter, and Ex.*

Where merit is so Transparent, not to behold it      [*Reads.*  
Were Blindness, and not to reward it Ingratitude.  
E      Gonerill.

Gonerill.

Enough ! Blind, and Ingratefull should I be  
Not to Obey the Summons of This Oracle.

Now for a Second Letter.

[ *Opens the other.*

If Modesty be not your Enemy, doubt not to  
Find me your Friend.

Regan.

Excellent *Sybill* ! O my glowing Blood !  
I am already sick of expectation,  
And pant for the Possession— here *Gloster* comes  
With Bus'ness on his Brow ; be husht my Joys.

*Gloft.* I come to seek thee, *Edmund*, to impart a business of  
Importance ; I knew thy loyal Heart is toucht to see the Cru-  
elty of these ingratefull Daughters against our royal Master.

*Bast.* Most Savage and Unnatural.

*Gloft.* This change in the State sits uneasie. The Commons  
repine aloud at their female Tyrants, already they Cry out for  
the re-installment of their good old King, whose Injuries I fear  
will inflame 'em into Mutiny.

*Bast.* 'Tis to be hopt, not fear'd.

*Gloft.* Thou hast it Boy, 'tis to be hopt indeed,  
On me they cast their Eyes, and hourly Court me  
To lead 'em on, and whilst this Head is Mine  
I am Theirs, a little covert Craft, my Boy,  
And then for open Action, 'twill be Employment  
Worthy such honest daring Souls as Thine.

Thou, *Edmund*, art my trusty Emissary,  
Haste on the Spur at the first break of day  
With these Dispatches to the Duke of *Combray* ;  
You know what mortal Feuds have alwaies flam'd  
Between this Duke of *Cornwall's* Family, and his  
Full Twenty thousand Mountaners  
Th' invetrate Prince will send to our Assistance.  
Dispatch ; Commend us to his Grace, and Prosper.

} Gives him  
Letters.

*Bast.* Yes, credulous old Man,  
I will commend you to his Grace,  
His Grace the Duke of *Cornwall* — instantly

[ *Aside.*

To

To shew him these Contents in thy own Character,  
 And Seal'd with thy own Signet ; then forthwith  
 The Chol'rick Duke gives Sentence on thy Life ;  
 And to my hand thy vast Revenues fall  
 To glut my Pleasure that till now has starv'd.

*Gloster going off is met by Cordelia entring, Bastard observing at a Distance.*

*Cord.* Turn, *Gloster*, Turn, by all the sacred Pow'rs  
 I do conjure you give my Grievs a Hearing,  
 You must, you shall, nay I am sure you will,  
 For you were always stil'd the Just and Good.

*Gloster.* What wou'dst thou, Princess ? rise and speak thy Grievs.

*Cord.* Nay, you shall promise to redress 'em too,  
 Or here I'll kneel for ever ; I intreat  
 Thy succour for a Father and a King,  
 An injur'd Father and an injur'd King.

*Bast.* O charming Sorrow ! how her Tears adorn her  
 Like Dew on Flow'rs, but she is Virtuous,  
 And I must quench this hopeless Fire i'th' Kindling.

*Gloster.* Consider, Princess,  
 For whom thou begg'st, 'tis for the King that wrong'd Thee.

*Cord.* O name not that ; he did not, cou'd not wrong me.  
 Nay muse not, *Gloster*, for it is too likely  
 This injur'd King e're this is past your Aid,  
 And gone Distracted with his savage Wrongs.

*Bast.* I'll gaze no more—— and yet my Eyes are Charm'd.

*Cord.* Or what if it be Worse ? can there be Worse ?  
 As 'tis too probable this furious Night  
 Has pierc'd his tender Body, the bleak Winds  
 And cold Rain chill'd, or Lightning struck him Dead ;  
 If it be so your Promise is discharg'd,  
 And I have only one poor Boon to beg,  
 That you'd Convey me to his breathless Trunk,  
 With my torn Robes to wrap his hoary Head,  
 With my torn Hair to bind his Hands and Feet,  
 Then with a show'r of Tears  
 To wash his Clay-smear'd Cheeks, and Die beside him.

*Gloster.* Rise, fair *Cordelia*, thou hast Piety



Enough t' attone for both thy Sisters Crimes.  
 I have already plotted to restore  
 My injur'd Master, and thy Vertue tells me  
 We shall succeed, and suddenly.

[ *Exit.*

*Cord.* Dispatch, *Arante*,  
 Provide me a Disguise, we'll instantly  
 Go seek the King, and bring him some Relief.

*Ar.* How, Madam? are you Ignorant  
 Of what your impious Sisters have decreed?  
 Immediate Death for any that relieve him.

*Cord.* I cannot dread the Furies in this case.

*Ar.* In such a Night as This? Consider, Madam,  
 For many Miles about there's scarce a Bush  
 To shelter in.

*Cord.* Therefore no shelter for the King,  
 And more our Charity to find him out:  
 What have not Women dar'd for vicious Love,  
 And we'll be shining Proofs that they can dare  
 For Piety as much; blow Winds, and Lightnings fall,  
 Bold in my Virgin Innocence, I'll flie  
 My Royal Father to Relieve, or Die.

[ *Exit.*

*Bast.* Provide me a Disguise, we'll instantly  
 Go seek the King: — ha! ha! a lucky change,  
 That Vertue which I fear'd would be my hindrance  
 Has prov'd the Bond to my Design;  
 I'll bribe two Russians that shall at a distance follow,  
 And seise 'em in some desert Place, and there  
 Whilst one retains her t' other shall return  
 T' inform me where she's Lodg'd; I'll be disguis'd too.  
 Whilst they are poching for me I'll to the Duke  
 With these Dispatches, then to th' Field  
 Where like the vig'rous *Jove* I will enjoy  
 This Semele in a Storm, 'twill deaf her Cries  
 Like Drums in Battle, lest her Groans shou'd pierce  
 My pitying Ear, and make the amorous Fight less fierce.

[ *Exit.*

*Storm still. The Field Scene. Enter Lear and Kent.*

*Kent.* Here is the place, my Lord; good my Lord enter;  
 The

The Tyranny of this open Night 's too rough  
For Nature to endure.

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my Lord, enter.

*Lear.* Wilt break my Heart?

*Kent.* Beseech you, Sir.

*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious Storm  
Invades us to the Skin so, 'tis to thee  
But where the greater Malady is fixt  
The lesser is scarce felt : the Tempest in my Mind  
Do's from my Senses take all feeling else  
Save what beats there. Filial Ingratitude !  
Is it not as this Mouth shou'd tear this Hand  
For lusting Food to't? ——— but I'll punish home.  
No, I will weep no more ; in such a Night  
To shut me out——— pour on, I will endure  
In such a Night as this : O *Regan, Gonerill*,  
Your old kind Father whose frank heart gave All,  
O that way madness lies, let me shun that,  
No more of that.

*Kent.* See, my Lord, here's the Entrance.

*Lear.* Well, I'll go in  
And pass it all, I'll pray and then I'll sleep :  
Poor naked Wretches wherefoe're you are,  
That 'bide the pelting of this pittance Storm,  
How shall your houseless Heads and unfed Sides  
Sustain this Shock ? your raggedness defend you  
From Seasons such as These.  
O I have ta'en too little Care of this,  
Take Physick, Pomp,  
Expose thy self to feel what Wretches feel,  
That thou may'st cast the superflux to them,  
And shew the Heav'ns more Just.

*Edgar in the Hovel.*

Five Fathom and a half, poor *Tom*.

*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there i' th' Straw ?  
Come forth.

*Edg.* Away ! The foul Fiend follows me——— through the  
sharp



sharp Haw-thorn blows the cold Wind — Mum, Go to thy Bed and warm Thee. — ha! what do I see? by all my Griets the poor old King beheaded,

[*Aside.*]

And drencht in this fow Storm, professing *Syren*,  
Are all your Protestations come to this?

*Lear.* Tell me, Fellow, dist thou give all to thy Daughters?

*Edg.* Who gives any thing to poor *Tom*, whom the foul Fiend has led through Fire and through Flame, through Bushes and Boggs, that has laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halters in his Pue, that has made him proud of Heart to ride on a Bay-trotting Horse over four inch'd Bridges, to course his own Shadow for a Traytor. — bless thy five Wits, *Tom's* a cold [*Shivers.*] bless thee from Whirlwinds, Star-blasting and Taking: do poor *Tom* some Charity, whom the foul Fiend vexes — Sa, sa, there I could have him now, and there, and there agen.

*Lear.* Have his Daughters brought him to this pass?  
Cou'dst thou save Nothing? didst thou give 'em All?

*Kent.* He has no Daughters, Sir.

*Lear.* Death, Traytor, nothing cou'd have subdu'd Nature  
To such a Lowness but his unkind Daughters.

*Edg.* Pillicock sat upon Pillicock Hill; Hallo, hallo, hallo.

*Lear.* Is it the fashion that discarded Fathers  
Should have such little Mercy on their Flesh?  
Iudicious punishment, 'twas this Flesh begot  
Those Pelican Daughters.

*Edg.* Take heed of the fow Fiend, obey thy Parents, keep thy Word justly, Swear not, commit not with Man's sworn Spouse, set not thy sweet Heart on proud Array: *Tom's* a Cold.

*Lear.* What hast thou been?

*Edg.* A Serving-man proud of Heart, that curl'd my Hair, us'd Perfume and Washes, that serv'd the Lust of my Mistresses Heart, and did the Act of Darknes with her. Swore as many Oaths as I spoke Words, and broke 'em all in the sweet Face of Heaven: Let not the Paint, nor the Patch, nor the rushing of Silks betray thy poor Heart to Woman, keep thy Foot out of Brothels, thy Hand out of Plackets, thy Pen from Creditors Books, and desie the foul Fiend — still through the Hawthorn blows the cold Wind — Sess, Suum, Mun, Nonny, Dolphin



Dolphin my Boy — hift ! the Boy, Sefey ! foft let him Trot by.

*Lear.* Death, thou wert better in thy Grave, than thus to answer with thy uncover'd Body this Extremity of the Sky. And yet confider him well, and Man's no more than This ; Thou art indebted to the Worm for no Silk, to the Beast for no Hide, to the Cat for no Perfume — ha ! here's Two of us are Sophifticated ; Thou art the Thing it felf, unaccommodated Man is no more than fuch a poor bare fork't Animal as thou art.

Off, Off, ye vain Difguifes, empty Lendings,  
I'll be my Original Self, quick, quick, Uncafe me.

*Kent.* Defend his Wits, good Heaven !

*Lear.* One point I had forgot ; what's your Name ?

*Edg.* Poor *Tom* that eats the swimming Frog, the Wall-nut, and the Water-nut ; that in the fury of his Heart when the foul Fiend rages eats Cow-dung for Sallets, fwallows the old Rat and the Ditch-dog, that drinks the green Mantle of the ftanding Pool that's whipt from Tithing to Tithing ; that has Three Suits to his Back, Six Shirts to his Body,

Horse to Ride, and Weapon to wear,  
But Rats and Mice, and fuch fmall Deer  
Have been *Tom's* Food for Seven long Year.

Beware, my Follower ; Peace, Smulkin ; Peace, thou foul Fiend.

*Lear.* One word more, but be fure true Council ; tell me, is a Madman a Gentleman, or a Yeoman ?

*Kent.* I fear'd 't wou'd come to This, his Wits are gone.

*Edg.* *Fraterreto* calls me, and tells me, *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darknefs. Pray, Innocent, and beware the foul Fiend.

*Lear.* Right, ha ! ha ! was it not pleafant to have a Thoufand with red hot Spits come hizzing in upon 'em ?

*Edg.* My Tears begin to take his part fo much  
They marr my Counterfeiting.

*Lear.* The little Dogs and all, Trey, Blanch and Sweet-heart, fee they Bark at me.

*Edg.* *Tom* will throw his Head at 'em ; Avaunt ye Curs.

Be thy Mouth or black or white,  
 Tooth that poysons if it bite,  
 Mastiff, Grey-hound, Mungrill, Grim,  
 Hound or Spanniel, Brach or Hym,  
 Bob-tail, Tight, or Trundle-tail,  
*Tom* will make 'em weep and wail,  
 For with throwing thus my Head  
 Dogs leap the Hatch, and All are fled.

Ud, de, de, de. Se, se, se. Come march to Wakes, and Fairs, and  
 Market-Towns,—— poor *Tom*, thy Horn is dry.

*Lear*. You Sir, I entertain you for One of my Hundred, only  
 I do not like the fashion of your Garments, you'll say they're  
*Persian*, but no matter, let 'em be chang'd.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Edg*. This is the foul *Flibertigibet*, he begins at Curfew and  
 walks at first Cock, he gives the Web and the Pin, knits the Elf-  
 lock, squints the Eye, and makes the Hair-lip, mildews the  
 white Wheat, and hurts the poor Creature of the Earth;

*Swithin* footed Thrice the Cold,  
 He met the Night-mare and her Nine-fold,  
       'Twas there he did appoint her;  
 He bid her alight and her Troth plight,  
 And arroynt the Witch arroynt her.

*Gloster*. What, has your Grace no better Company?

*Edg*. The Prince of Darknefs is a Gentleman; *Modo* he is  
 call'd, and *Mahu*.

*Gloster*. Go with me, Sir, hard by I have a Tenant.  
 My Duty cannot suffer me to obey in all your Daughters hard  
 Commands, who have enjoyn'd me to make fast my Doors, and  
 let this Tyrannous Night take hold upon you. Yet have I ven-  
 tur'd to come seek you out, and bring you where both Fire and  
 Food is ready.

*Kent*. Good my Lord, take his offer.

*Lear*. First let me talk with this Philosopher,

Say,



Say, *Stagirite*, what is the Cause of Thunder.

*Gloft.* Befeech you, Sir, go with me.

*Lear.* I'll talk a Word with this same Learned *Theban*.

What is your Study?

*Edg.* How to prevent the Fiend, and to kill Vermin.

*Lear.* Let me ask you a Word in private.

*Kent.* His Wits are quite unfetled; Good Sir, let's force him hence.

*Gloft.* Canst blame him? his Daughters seek his Death; This Bedlam but disturbs him the more. Fellow, be gone.

*Edg.* Child *Rowland* to the dark Tow'r came,

His Word was still Fie, Fo, and Fum,

I smell the Bloud of a British Man.—— Oh Torture! [*Exit.*

*Gloft.* Now, I prethee Friend, let's take him in our Arms, and carry him where he shall meet both Welcome, and Protection.

Good Sir, along with us.

*Lear.* You say right, let 'em Anatomize *Regan*, see what breeds about her Heart; is there any Cause in Nature for these hard Hearts?

*Kent.* Befeech your Grace.

*Lear.* Hift! —— Make no Noife, make no Noife —— so so; we'll to Supper i' th' Morning. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Cordelia and Arante.*

*Ar.* Dear Madam, rest ye here, our search is Vain,  
Look here's a shed, beseech ye, enter here.

*Cord.* Prethee go in thy self, seek thy own Ease,  
Where the Mind's free, the Body's Delicate:  
This Tempest but diverts me from the Thought  
Of what wou'd hurt me more.

*Enter Two Ruffians.*

1 *Ruff.* We have dog'd 'em far enough, this Place is private,  
I'll keep 'em Prisoners here within this Hovell,  
Whilst you return and bring Lord *Edmund* Hither;  
But help me first to House 'em.

2 *Ruff.* Nothing but this dear Devil

F

[*Shows Gold.*  
Shou'd



Shou'd have drawn me through all this Tempest;  
But to our Work.

[*They seize Cordelia and Arante, who Shriek out.*  
Soft, Madam, we are Friends, dispatch, I say.

*Cord.* Help, Murder, help! Gods! some kind Thunderbolt  
To strike me Dead.

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* What Cry was That? — ha, Women seiz'd by Ruffians?  
Is this a Place and Time for Villany?

Avaunt ye Bloud-hounds. [*Drives 'em with his Quarter-staff.*

*Both.* The Devil, the Devil! [*Run off.*

*Edg.* O speak, what are ye that appear to be  
O'th' tender Sex, and yet unguarded Wander  
Through the dead Mazes of this dreadfull Night,  
Where (tho' at full) the Clouded Moon scarce darts  
Imperfect Glimmerings.

*Cord.* First say what art thou  
Our Guardian Angel, that wer't pleas'd t' assume  
That horrid shape to fright the Ravishers?  
We'll kneel to Thee.

*Edg.* O my tumultuous Bloud!  
By all my trembling Veins *Cordelia's* Voice!  
'Tis she her self! — My Senses sure conform  
To my wild Garb, and I am Mad indeed.

*Cord.* Whate're thou art, befriend a wretched Virgin,  
And if thou canst direct our weary search.

*Edg.* Who relieves poor *Tom*, that sleeps on the Nettle, with  
the Hedge-pig for his Pillow.

Whilst Smug ply'd the Bellows  
She truckt with her Fellows,  
The Freckle-fac't Mab  
Was a Blouze and a Drab,

Yet *Swithin* made *Oberon* jealous — Oh! Torture.

*Ar.* Alack, Madam, a poor wandring Lunatick.

*Cord.* And yet his Language seem'd but now well temper'd.  
Speak, Friend, to one more wretched than thy self;

And

And if thou hast one Interval of sense,  
Inform us if thou canst where we may find  
A poor old Man, who through this Heath has stray'd  
The tedious Night—— Speak, sawest thou such a One?

*Edg.* The King, her Father, whom she's come to seek

[ *Aside.*

Through all the Terrors of this Night. O Gods!  
That such amazing Piety, such Tenderneſs  
Shou'd yet to me be Cruel ——

Yes, Fair One, such a One was lately here,  
And is convey'd by some that came to seek him,  
T' a Neigh'ring Cottage; but distinctly where,  
I know not.

*Cord.* Blessings on 'em,  
Let's find him out, *Arante*, for thou seest  
We are in Heavens Protection.

[ *Going off.*

*Edg.* O *Cordelia* !

*Cord.* Ha ! — Thou knowst my Name.

*Edg.* As you did once know *Edgar's*.

*Cord.* *Edgar* !

*Edg.* The poor Remains of *Edgar*, what your Scorn  
Has left him.

*Cord.* Do we wake, *Arante* ?

*Edg.* My Father seeks my Life, which I preserv'd  
In hopes of some blest Minute to oblige  
Distrest *Cordelia*, and the Gods have giv'n it ;  
That Thought alone prevail'd with me to take  
This Frantick Dress, to make the Earth my Bed,  
With these bare Limbs all change of Seasons bide,  
Noons scorching Heat, and Midnights piercing Cold,  
To feed on Offals, and to drink with Herds,  
To Combat with the Winds, and be the Sport  
Of Clowns, or what's more wretched yet, their Pity.

*Ar.* Was ever Tale so full of Misery !

*Edg.* But such a Fall as this I grant was due  
To my aspiring Love, for 'twas presumptuous,  
Though not presumptuously persu'd ;  
For well you know I wore my Flames conceal'd,  
And silent as the Lamps that Burn in Tombs,  
'Till you perceiv'd my Grief, with modest Grace



Drew forth the Secret, and then seal'd my Pardon.

*Cord.* You had your Pardon, nor can you Challenge more.

*Edg.* What do I Challenge more?

Such Vanity agrees not with these Rags ;  
When in my prosp'rous State rich *Gloster's* Heir,  
You silenc'd my Pretences, and enjoyn'd me  
To trouble you upon that Theam no more ;  
Then what Reception must Love's Language find  
From these bare Limbs and Beggars humble Weeds?

*Cord.* Such as the Voice of Pardon to a Wretch Condemn'd ;  
Such as the Shouts  
Of succ'ring Forces to a Town besieg'd.

*Edg.* Ah ! what new Method now of Cruelty ?

*Cord.* Come to my Arms, thou dearest, best of Men,  
And take the kindest Vows that e're were spoke  
By a protesting Maid.

*Edg.* Is't possible ?

*Cord.* By the dear Vital Stream that baths my Heart,  
These hallow'd Rags of Thine, and naked Vertue,  
These abject Tassels, these fantastick Shreds,  
(Ridiculous ev'n to the meanest Clown )  
To me are dearer than the richest Pomp  
Of purple Monarchs.

*Edg.* Generous charming Maid,  
The Gods alone that made, can rate thy Worth !  
This most amazing Excellence shall be  
Fame's Triumph, in succeeding Ages, when  
Thy bright Example shall adorn the Scene,  
And teach the World Perfection.

*Cord.* Cold and weary,  
We'll rest a while, *Arante*, on that Straw,  
Then forward to find out the poor Old King.

*Edg.* Look I have Flint and Steel, the Implements  
Of wandering Lunaticks, I'll strike a Light,  
And make a Fire beneath this Shed, to dry  
Thy Storm-drencht Garments, e're thou Lie to rest thee ;  
Then Fierce and Wakefull as th' *Hesperian* Dragon,  
I'll watch beside thee to protect thy Sleep ;  
Mean while, the Stars shall dart their kindest Beams,  
And Angels Visit my *Cordelia's* Dreams

[ *Exeunt.*  
SCENE,



SCENE, *The Palace.*

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, Bastard, Servants. Cornwall with Gloster's Letters.*

*Duke.* I will have my Revenge e're I depart his house.  
*Regan,* see here, a Plot upon our State,  
 'Tis *Gloster's* Character, that has betray'd  
 His double Trust of Subject, and of Ofe.

*Reg.* Then double be our Vengeance, this confi  
 Th' Intelligence that we now now receiv'd,  
 That he has been this Night to seek the King;  
 But who, Sir, was the kind Discoverer?

*Duke.* Our Eagle, quick to spy, and fierce to seize,  
 Our trusty *Edmund*.

*Reg.* 'Twas a noble Service;  
*O Cornwall,* take him to thy deepest Trust,  
 And wear him as a Jewel at thy Heart.

*Bast.* Think, Sir, how hard a Fortune I sustain,  
 That makes me thus repent of serving you!  
*O* that this Treason had not been, or I  
 Not the Discoverer.

[ *Weeps.* ]

*Duke. Edmund,* Thou shalt find  
 A Father in our Love, and from this Minute  
 We call thee Earl of *Gloster*; but there yet  
 Remains another Justice to be done,  
 And that's to punish this discarded Traytor;  
 But least thy tender Nature shou'd relent  
 At his just Sufferings, nor brooke the Sight,  
 We wish thee to withdraw.

*Reg.* The *Grotto*, Sir, within the lower Grove, } *To Edmund*  
 Has Privacy to suit a Mourner's Thought. } *Aside.*

*Bast.* And there I may expect a Comforter,  
 Ha, Madam?

*Reg.* What may happen, Sir, I know not,  
 But 'twas a Friends Advice.

[ *Ex. Bastard.* ]

*Duke.* Bring in the Traytour.

*Gloster.*

*Gloster brought in.*

Bind fast his Arms.

*Gloft.* What mean your Graces?

You are my Guests, pray do me no foul Play.

*Duke.* Bind him, I say, hard, harder yet.

*Reg.* Now, Traytor, thou shalt find——

*Duke.* Speak, Rebel, where hast thou sent the King?

Whom spight of our Decree thou saw'st last Night.

*Gloft.* I'm tide to th' Stake, and I must stand the Course.

*Reg.* Say where, and why thou hast conceal'd him.

*Gloft.* Because I wou'd not see thy cruel Hands

Tear-out his poor old Eyes, nor thy fierce Sister

Carve his anointed Flesh; but I shall see

The swift wing'd Vengeance overtake such Childrer.

*Duke.* See't shalt thou never, Slaves perform your Work,

Out with those treacherous Eyes, dispatch, I say,

If thou seest Vengeance——

*Gloft.* He that will think to live 'till he be old,

Give me some help—— O cruel! oh! ye Gods.

[*They put out his Eyes.*]

*Serv.* Hold, hold, my Lord, I bar your Cruelty,

I cannot love your safety and give way

To such a barbarous Practise.

*Duke.* Ha, my Villain.

*Serv.* I have been your Servant from my Infancy,

But better Service have I never done you

Then with this Boldness——

*Duke.* Take thy Death, Slave.

*Serv.* Nay, then Revenge whilst yet my Bloud is Warm.

[*Fight.*]

*Reg.* Help here—— are you not hurt, my Lord?

*Gloft.* *Edmund*, enkindle all the sparks of Nature

To quit this horrid Act.

*Reg.* Out, treacherous Villain,

Thou call'st on him that Hates thee, it was He

That broacht thy Treason, shew'd us thy Dispatches;

There—— read, and save the *Cambrian* Prince a Labour,

If thy Eyes fail thee call for Spectacles.

*Gloft.*



*Gloſt.* O my Folly !

Then *Edgar* was abus'd, kind Gods' forgive me that.

*Reg.* How is't, my Lord ?

*Duke.* Turn out that Eye-leſs Villain, let him ſmell  
His way to *Cambray*, throw this Slave upon a Dunghill.

*Regan*, I Bleed apace, give me your Arm.

[*Exeunt.*

*Gloſt.* All Dark and Comfortleſs !

Where are thoſe various Objects that but now  
Employ'd my buſie Eyes ? where thoſe Eyes ?  
Dead are their piercing Rays that lately ſhot  
O're flowry Vales to diſtant Sunny Hills,  
And drew with Joy the vaſt Horizon in.  
Theſe groping Hands are now my only Guids,  
And Feeling all my Sight.

O Miſery ! what words can ſound my Grief ?  
Shut from the Living whiſt among the Living ;  
Dark as the Grave amidſt the buſtling World.  
At once from Buſineſs and from Pleaſure bar'd ;  
No more to view the Beauty of the Spring,  
Nor ſee the Face of Kindred, or of Friend.  
Yet ſtill one way th' extreameſt Fate affords,  
And ev'n the Blind can find the Way to Death.  
Muſt I then tamely Die, and unreveng'd ?  
So *Lear* may fall : No, with theſe bleeding Rings  
I will preſent me to the pitting Crowd,  
And with the Rhetorick of theſe dropping Veins  
Enflame 'em to Revenge their King and me ;  
Then when the Glorious Miſchief is on Wing,  
This Lumber from ſome Precipice I'll throw,  
And daſh it on the ragged Flint below ;  
Whence my freed Soul to her bright Sphear ſhall fly,  
Through boundleſs Orbs, eternal Regions ſpy,  
And like the Sun, be All one glorious Eye.

[*Ex.*

*End of the Third Act.*

ACT



## A C T I V.

*A Grotto.**Edmund and Regan amorously Seated, Listening to Musick.*

*Bast.* **W**H Y were those Beauties made Another's Right  
Which None can prize like Me ? charming Queen  
Take all my blooming Youth, for ever fold me  
In those soft Arms, Lull me in endless Sleep  
That I may dream of pleasures too transporting  
For Life to bear.

*Reg.* Live, live, my *Gloster*,  
And feel no Death but that of swooning joy,  
I yield thee Bliss on no harder Terms  
Than that thou continue to be Happy.

*Bast.* This Jealousie is yet more kind, is't possible  
That I should wander from a Paradise  
To feed on sickly Weeds ? such Sweets live here  
That Constancy will be no Vertue in me,  
And yet must I forthwith go meet her Sister,  
To whom I must protest as much ———  
Suppose it be the same ; why best of all,  
And I have then my Lesson ready conn'd.

*[Aside.*

*Reg.* Wear this Remembrance of me — I dare now

*[ Gives him a Ring.*

Absent my self no longer from the Duke  
Whose Wound grows Dangerous — I hope Mortal.

*Bast.* And let this happy Image of your *Gloster*,

*[ Pulling out a Picture drops a Note.*

Lodge in that Breast where all his Treasure lies.

*[Exit.*

*Reg.* To this brave Youth a Womans blooming beauties  
Are due : my Fool usurps my Bed — What's here ?

Confusion on my Eyes.

*[ Reads.*

*Where Merit is so Transparent, not to behold it were Blind-  
ness, and not to reward it, Ingratitude.*

Gonerill.

Vexatious

Vexatious Accident ! yet Fortunate too,  
My Jealousie's confirm'd, and I am taught  
To cast for my Defence——

[ *Enter an Officer.*

Now, what mean those Shouts? and what thy hasty Entrance?

*Off.* A most surprizing and a sudden Change,  
The Peasants are all up in Mutiny,  
And only want a Chief to lead'em on  
To Storm your Palace.

*Reg.* On what Provocation?

*Off.* At last day's publick Festival, to which  
The Yeomen from all Quarters had repair'd,  
Old *Gloster*, whom you late depriv'd of Sight,  
(His Veins yet Streaming fresh) presents himself,  
Proclaims your Cruelty, and their Oppression,  
With the King's Injuries ; which so enrag'd 'em,  
That now that Mutiny which long had crept  
Takes Wing, and threatens your Best Pow'rs.

*Reg.* White-liver'd Slave!

Our Forces rais'd and led by Valiant *Edmund*,  
Shall drive this Monster of Rebellion back  
To her dark Cell ; young *Gloster's* Arm allays  
The Storm, his Father's feeble Breath did Raise.

[ *Exit.*

*The Field* SCENE, *Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* The lowest and most abject Thing of Fortune  
Stands still in Hope, and is secure from Fear,  
The lamentable Change is from the Best,  
The Worst returns to Better—— who comes here

[ *Enter Gloster, led by an old Man.*

My Father poorly led? depriv'd of Sight,  
The precious Stones torn from their bleeding Rings!  
Some-thing I heard of this inhumane Deed  
But disbeliev'd it, as an Act too horrid  
For the hot Hell of a curst Woman's fury,  
When will the measure of my woes be full?

*Gloster.* Revenge, thou art afoot, Success attend Thee.  
Well have I sold my Eyes, if the Event  
Prove happy for the injur'd King.



*Old M.* O, my good Lord, I have been your Tenant, and your Father's Tenant these Fourscore years.

*Gloft.* Away, get thee Away, good Friend, be gone, Thy Comforts can do me no good at All, Thee they may hurt.

*Old M.* You cannot see your Way.

*Gloft.* I have no Way, and therefore want no Eyes, I stumbled when I saw : O dear Son *Edgar*, The Food of thy abused Father's Wrath, Might I but live to see thee in my Touch I'd say, I had Eyes agen.

*Edg.* Alas, he's sensible that I was wrong'd, And shoud I own my Self, his tender Heart Would break betwixt th' extreams of Grief and Joy.

*Old M.* How now, who's There?

*Edg.* A Charity for poor *Tom*. Play fair, and defie the foul Fiend.

O Gods ! and must I still persue this Trade, [ *Aside.* Trifling beneath such Loads of Misery ?

*Old M.* 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.

*Gloft.* In the late Storm I such a Fellow saw, Which made me think a Man a Worm, Where is the Lunatick ?

*Old M.* Here, my Lord.

*Gloft.* Get thee now away, if for my sake Thou wilt o're-take us hence a Mile or Two I' th' way tow'rd *Dover*, do't for ancient Love, And bring some cov'ring for this naked Wretch Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

*Old M.* Alack, my Lord, He's Mad.

*Gloft.* 'Tis the Time's Plague when Mad-men lead the Blind. Do as I bid thee.

*Old M.* I'll bring him the best 'Parrel that I have Come on't what will. [ *Exit.*

*Gloft.* Sirrah, naked Fellow.

*Edg.* Poor *Tom*'s a cold ; —— I cannot fool it longer, And yet I must —— blest thy sweet Eyes they Bleed, Believe't poor *Tom* ev'n weeps his Blind to see 'em.

*Gloft.* Know'st thou the way to *Dover* ?

*Edg.* Both Stile and Gate, Horse-way and Foot-path, poor *Tom*



*Tom* has been scar'd out of his good Wits; bleſs every true Man's Son from the foul Fiend.

*Gloſt.* Here, take this Purſe, that I am wretched  
Makes thee the Happier, Heav'n deal ſo ſtill.  
Thus let the griping Uſurers Hoard be Scatter'd,  
So Diſtribution ſhall undo Exceſs,  
And each Man have enough. Doſt thou know *Dover*?

*Edg.* I, Maſter.

*Gloſt.* There is a Cliff, whoſe high and bending Head  
Looks dreadfully down on the roaring Deep.  
Bring me but to the very Brink of it,  
And I'll repair the Poverty thou beaſt  
With ſomething Rich about me, from that Place  
I ſhall no leading need.

*Edg.* Give me thy Arm: poor *Tom* ſhall guid thee.

*Gloſt.* Soft, for I hear the Tread of Paſſengers.

*Enter Kent and Cordelia.*

*Cord.* Ah me! your Fear's too true, it was the King;  
I ſpoke but now with ſome that met him  
As Mad as the vex'd Sea, Singing aloud,  
Crown'd with rank Femiter and furrow Weeds,  
With Berries, Burdocks, Violets, Dazies, Poppies,  
And all the idle Flow'rs that grow  
In our ſuſtaining Corn, conduct me to him  
To prove my laſt Endeavours to reſtore him,  
And Heav'n ſo proſper thee.

*Kent.* I will, good Lady.

Ha, *Gloſter* here! — turn, poor dark Man, and hear  
A Friend's Condolement, who at Sight of thine  
Forgets his own Diſtreſs, thy old true *Kent*.

*Gloſt.* How, *Kent*? from whence return'd?

*Kent.* I have not ſince my Banishment been abſent,  
But in Diſguiſe follow'd the abandon'd King;  
'Twas me thou ſaw'ſt with him in the late Storm.

*Gloſt.* Let me embrace thee, had I Eyes I now  
Should weep for Joy, but let this trickling Blood  
Suffice inſtead of Tears.

*Cord.* O miſery!

To whom shall I complain, or in what Language?  
 Forgive, O wretched Man, the Piety  
 That brought thee to this pass, 'twas I that caus'd it,  
 I cast me at thy Feet, and beg of thee  
 To crush these weeping Eyes to equal Darkness,  
 If that will give thee any Recompence.

*Edg.* Was ever Season so distress'd as This?

[*Aside.*]

*Gloft.* I think *Cordelia's* Voice! rise, pious Princess,  
 And take a dark Man's Blessing.

*Cord.* O, my *Edgar*,

My Vertue's now grown Guilty, works the Bane  
 Of those that do befriend me, Heav'n forsakes me,  
 And when you look that Way, it is but Just  
 That you shou'd hate me too.

*Edg.* O wave this cutting Speech, and spare to wound  
 A Heart that's on the Rack.

*Gloft.* No longer cloud thee, *Kent*, in that Disguise,  
 There's business for thee and of noblest weight;  
 Our injur'd Country is at length in Arms,  
 Urg'd by the King's inhumane Wrongs and Mine,  
 And only want a Chief to lead 'em on.  
 That Task be Thine.

*Edg.* Brave *Britains* then there's Life in 't yet.

[*Aside.*]

*Kent.* Then have we one cast for our Fortune yet.  
 Come, Princess, I'll bestow you with the King,  
 Then on the Spur to Head these Forces.  
 Farewell, good *Gloster*, to our Conduct trust.

*Gloft.* And be your Cause as Prosp'rous as tis Just. [*Exeunt.*]

*Gonerill's Palace. Enter Gonerill, Attendants.*

*Gon.* It was great Ignorance *Gloster's* Eyes being out  
 To let him live, where he arrives he moves  
 All Hearts against us, *Edmund* I think is gone  
 In pity to his Misery to dispatch him.

*Gent.* No, Madam, he's return'd on speedy Summons  
 Back to your Sister.

*Gon.* Ha! I like not That,  
 Such speed must have the Wings of Love; where's *Albany*.

*Gent.* Madam, within, but never Man so chang'd;

I told



I told him of the uproar of the Peasants,  
He smil'd at it, when I inform'd him  
Of *Gloster's* Treason ———

*Gon.* Trouble him no further,  
It is his coward Spirit, back to our Sister,  
Hasten her Musters, and let her know  
I have giv'n the Distaff into my Husband's Hands.  
That done, with special Care deliver these Dispatches  
In private to young *Gloster*.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* O Madam, most unseasonable News,  
The Duke of *Cornwall's* Dead of his late Wound,  
Whose loss your Sister has in part supply'd,  
Making brave *Edmund* General of her Forces.

*Gon.* One way I like this well ;  
But being Widow and my *Gloster* with her  
May blast the promis'd Harvest of our Love.  
A word more, Sir, ——— add Speed to your Journey,  
And if you chance to meet with that blind Traytor,  
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off. [ *Exeunt.*

*Field* SCENE. *Gloster and Edgar.*

*Gloft.* When shall we come to th' Top of that same Hill ?

*Edg.* We climb it now, mark how we Labour.

*Gloft.* Methinks the Ground is even.

*Edg.* Horrible Steep ; heark, do you hear the Sea ?

*Gloft.* No truly.

*Edg.* Why then your other Senses grow imperfect,  
By your Eyes Anguish.

*Gloft.* So may it be indeed,  
Methinks thy Voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st  
In better Phrase and Matter than thou did'st.

*Edg.* You are much deceiv'd, in nothing am I Alter'd  
But in my Garments.

*Gloft.* Methinks y' are better Spoken.

*Edg.* Come on, Sir, here's the Place, how fearfull

And



And dizen'd 'tis to cast one's Eyes so Low.  
 The Crows and Choughs that wing the Mid-way Air  
 Shew scarce so big as Beetles, half way down  
 Hangs one that gathers Sampire, dreadful Trade !  
 The Fisher-men that walk upon the Beach  
 Appear like Mice, and yon tall Anch'ring Barque  
 Seems lessen'd to her Cock, her Cock a Buoy  
 Almost too small for Sight ; the murmuring Surge  
 Cannot be heard so high, I'll look no more  
 Lest my Brain turn, and the disorder make me  
 Tumble down head long.

*Gloft.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* You are now within a Foot of th'extream Verge.  
 For all beneath the Moon I wou'd not now  
 Leap forward.

*Gloft.* Let go my Hand,  
 Here, Friend, is another Purse, in it a Jewel  
 Well worth a poor Man's taking ; get thee further,  
 Bid me Farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Fare you well, Sir, — that I do Trifle thus  
 With this his Despair is with Design to cure it.

*Gloft.* Thus, mighty Gods, this World I do renounce,  
 And in your Sight shake my Afflictions off ;  
 If I cou'd bear 'em longer and not fall  
 To quarrel with your great opposeless Wills,  
 My Snuff and feeble Part of Nature shou'd  
 Burn it self out ; if *Edgar* Live, O Bless him.  
 Now, Fellow, fare thee well.

*Edg.* Gone, Sir ! Farewell.  
 And yet I know not how Conceit may rob  
 The Treasury of Life, had he been where he thought,  
 By this had Thought been past — Alive, or Dead ?  
 Hoa Sir, Friend ; hear you, Sir, speak —  
 Thus might he pass indeed — yet he revives.  
 What are you, Sir ?

*Gloft.* Away, and let me Die.

*Edg.* Hadst thou been ought but Gosmore, Feathers, Air,  
 Falling so many Fathom down  
 Thou hadst Shiver'd like an Egg ; but thou dost breath  
 Hast heavy Substance, bleedst not, speak'st, art sound ;

Thy

Thy Live's a Miracle.

*Gloft.* But have I faln or no ?

*Edg.* From the dread Summet of this chalky Bourn :  
Look up an Height, the Shrill-tun'd Lark so high  
Cannot be seen, or heard ; do but look up.

*Gloft.* Alack, I have no Eyes.  
Is wretchedness depriv'd that Benefit  
To End it self by Death ?

*Edg.* Give me your Arm.  
Up, so, how is't ? feel you your Legs ? you stand.

*Gloft.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* Upon the Crow o'th' Cliff, what Thing was that  
Which parted from you ?

*Gloft.* A poor unfortunate Begger.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, me-thought his Eyes  
Were two Full Moons, wide Nostrils breathing Fire.  
It was some Fiend, therefore thou happy Father,  
Think that th'all-powerfull Gods who make them Honours  
Of Mens Impossibilities have preserv'd thee.

*Gloft.* 'Tis wonderfull ; henceforth I'll bear Affliction  
Till it expire ; the Goblin which you speak of,  
I took it for a Man : oft-times 'twould say,  
The Fiend, the Fiend : He led me to that Place.

*Edg.* Bear free and patient Thoughts : but who comes here ?

*Enter Lear, a Coronet of Flowers on his Head. Wreaths  
and Garlands about him.*

*Lear.* No, no, they cannot touch me for Coyning, I am the  
King Himself.

*Edg.* O piercing Sight.

*Lear.* Nature's above Art in that Respect ; There's your  
Press-money : that Fellow handles his Bow like a Cow-keeper,  
——draw me a Clothier's yard. A Mouse, a Mouse ; peace  
hoa : there's my Gauntlet, I'll prove it on a Giant : bring up the  
brown Bills : O well flown Bird ; i' th' White, i' th' White —  
Hewgh ! give the Word.

*Edg.* Sweet *Marjorum*.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Gloft.* I know that Voice.

*Lear.*



*Lear.* Ha ! *Gonerill* with a white Beard ! they flatter'd me like a Dog, and told me I had white Hairs on my Chin, before the Black ones were there ; to say I and No to every thing that I said, I and No too was no good Divinity. When the Rain came once to wet me, and the Winds to make me Chatter ; when the Thunder wou'd not Peace at my Bidding. There I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out ; go too, they are not men of their words, They told me I was a King, 'tis a Lie, I am not Ague proof.

*Gloſt.* That Voice I well remember, is't not the King's ?

*Lear.* I, every Inch a King, when I do Stare  
See how the Subject quakes.

I pardon that Man's Life, what was the Cause ?  
Adultery ? Thou shalt not Die. Die for Adultery !  
The Wren goes to't, and the small gilded Flie  
Engenders in my Sight : Let Copulation thrive,  
For *Gloſter's* Bastard Son was kinder to his Father  
Than were my Daughters got ith' lawfull Bed.  
To't Luxury, pell mell, for I lack Souldiers.

*Gloſt.* Not all my Sorrows past so deep have toucht me,  
As the sad Accents : Sight were now a Torment ——

*Lear.* Behold that simp'ring Lady, she that starts  
At Pleasure's Name, and thinks her Ear profan'd  
With the least wanton Word, wou'd you believe it,  
The Fitcher nor the pamper'd Steed goes to't  
With such a riotous Appetite : down from the Wast they are  
Centaurs, tho Women all Above ; but to the Girdle do the Gods  
inherit, beneath is all the Fiends ; There's Hell, there's Dark-  
ness, the Sulphurous unfathom'd —— Fie ! fie ! pah ! —— an  
Ounce of Civet, good Apothecary, to sweeten my Imagina-  
tion—— There's Money for thee.

*Gloſt.* Let me kiss that Hand.

*Lear.* Let we wipe it first ; it smells of Mortality.

*Gloſt.* Speak, Sir ; do you know me ?

*Lear.* I remember thy Eyes well enough : Nay, do thy worst,  
blind *Cupid*, I'll not Love—— read me this Challenge, mark but  
the penning of it.

*Gloſt.* Were all the Letters Suns I cou'd not see.

*Edg.* I wou'd not take this from Report : wretched *Cordelia*,  
What will thy Vertue do when thou shalt find  
This fresh Affliction added to the Tale



Of thy unparrallel'd Griefs.

*Lear.* Read.

*Gloſt.* What with this Caſe of Eyes?

*Lear.* O ho! are you there with me? no Eyes in your Head, and no money in your Purſe? yet you ſee how this World goes.

*Gloſt.* I ſee it Feelingly.

*Lear.* What? art Mad? a Man may ſee how this World goes with no Eyes. Look with thy Ears, ſee how yon Juſtice rails on that ſimple Thief; ſhake'em together, and the firſt that drops, be it Thief or Juſtice, is a Villain. — Thou haſt ſeen a Farmer's Dog bark at a Beggar.

*Gloſt.* I, Sir.

*Lear.* And the Man ran from the Curr; there thou mightſt behold the great Image of Authority, a Dog's obey'd in Office. Thou Rascal, Beadle, hold thy bloody Hand, why doſt thou Lash that Strumpet? thou hotly Luſt'ſt to enjoy her in that kind for which thou whipſt her, do, do, the Judge that ſentenc'd her has been before-hand with thee.

*Gloſt.* How ſtiff is my vile Senſe that yields not yet?

*Lear.* I tell thee the Uſurer hangs the Couz'ner, through tatter'd Robes ſmall Vices do appear, Robes and Fur-gowns hide All: Place Sins with Gold, why there 'tis for thee, my Friend, make much of it, it has the Pow'r to ſeal the Accuſer's Lips. Get thee glaſs Eyes, and like a ſcurvy Politician, ſeem to ſee the Things thou doſt not. Pull, pull off my Boots, hard, harder, ſo, ſo.

*Gloſt.* O Matter and Impertinency mixt  
Reason in Madneſs.

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my Fortunes take my Eyes, I know thee well enough, thy Name is *Gloſter*. Thou muſt be patient, we came Crying hither Thou knowſt, the firſt time that We taſt the Air We Wail and Cry — I'll preach to thee, Mark.

*Edg.* Break lab'ring Heart.

*Lear.* When we are Born we Cry that we are come  
To this great Stage of Fools. —

*Enter Two or Three Gentlemen.*

*Gent.* O here he is, lay hand upon him, Sir,

H

Your

Your dearest Daughter sends ——

*Lear.* No Rescue? what, a Prisoner? I am even the natural Fool of Fortune: Use me well, you shall have Ransome—— let me have Surgeons, Oh I am cut to th' Brains.

*Gent.* You shall have any Thing.

*Lear.* No Second's? all my Self? I will Die bravely like a smug Bridegroom, flusht and pamper'd as a Priest's Whore. I am a King, my Masters, know ye that?

*Gent.* You are a Royal one, and we Obey you.

*Lear.* It were an excellent Stratagem to Shoe a Troop of Horse with Felt, I'll put in proof—— no Noise, no Noise—— now will we steal upon these Sons in Law, and then——Kill, kill, kill, kill!

[*Ex. Running.*]

*Gloft.* A Sight most moving in the meanest Wretch,  
Past speaking in a King. Now, good Sir, what are you?

*Edg.* A most poor Man made tame to Fortune's strokes,  
And prone to Pity by experienc'd Sorrows; give me your Hand.

*Gloft.* You ever gentle Gods take my Breath from me,  
And let not my ill Genius tempt me more  
To Die before you please.

*Enter Gonerill's Gentleman-Usher.*

*Gent.* A proclaim'd Prize, O most happily met,  
That Eye-less Head of thine was first fram'd Flesh  
To raise my Fortunes; Thou old unhappy Traytor,  
The Sword is out that must Destroy thee.

*Gloft.* Now let thy friendly Hand put Strength enough to't.

*Gent.* Wherefore, bold Peasant,  
Durst thou support a publish'd Traytor, hence,  
Lest I destroy Thee too. Let go his Arm.

*Edg.* 'Chill not Let go Zir, without further 'Casion.

*Gent.* Let go Slave, or thou Dye'st.

*Edg.* Good Gentleman go your Gate, and let poor Volk pass,  
and 'Chu'd ha' bin Zwagger'd out of my Life it wou'd not a bin  
zo long as 'tis by a Vort-night—— Nay, an' thou com'st near  
th' old Man, I'ce try whether your Costard or my Ballow be th'  
harder.

*Gent.* Out, Dunghill.

*Edg.* 'Chill



*Edg.* 'Chill pick your Teeth, Zir ; Come, no matter vor your Voines.

*Gent.* Slave, thou hast Slain me ; oh untimely Death.

*Edg.* I know thee well, a serviceable Villain,  
As duteous to the Vices of thy Mistres  
As Lust cou'd wish.

*Gloft.* What, is he Dead ?

*Edg.* Sit you, Sir, and rest you.  
This is a Letter Carrier, and may have  
Some Papers of Intelligence that may stand  
Our Party in good stead, to know—— what's here ?

[ *Takes a Letter out of his Pocket, opens, and reads.*  
To *Edmund Earl of Gloster.*

*Let our Mutual Loves be remembred, you have many opportunities to Cut him off, if he return the Conqueror then I am still a Prisoner, and his Bed my Goal, from the loath'd Warmth of which deliver me, and supply the Place for your Labour.*

Gonerill.

A Plot upon her Husband's Life,  
And the Exchange my Brother—— here i'th' Sands.  
I'll rake thee up thou Messenger of Lust,  
Griev'd only that thou hadst no other Deaths-man.  
In Time and Place convenient I'll produce  
These Letters to the Sight of th' injur'd Duke  
As best shall serve our Purpose ; Come, your Hand.  
Far off methinks I hear the beaten Drum,  
Come, Sir, I will bestow you with a Friend.

[ *Exeunt.*

*A Chamber. Lear a Sleep on a Couch ; Cordelia, and Attendants standing by him.*

*Cord.* His Sleep is sound, and may have good Effect  
To Cure his jarring Senses, and repair  
This Breach of Nature.

*Phys.* We have employ'd the utmost Pow'r of Art,  
And this deep Rest will perfect our Design.

*Cord.* O *Regan, Gonerill*, inhumane Sisters,  
Had he not been your Father, these white Hairs  
Had challeng'd sure some pity, was this a Face



To be expos'd against the jarring Winds?  
 My Enemy's Dog though he had bit me shou'd  
 Have stood that Night against my Fire ——— he wakes, speak  
 to him.

*Gent.* Madam, do you, 'tis fittest.

*Cord.* How do's my royal Lord? how fares your Majesty?

*Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out o'th' Grave.

Ha! is this too a World of Cruelty?

I know my Priviledge, think not that I will

Be us'd still like a wretched Mortal, no,

No more of That.

*Cord.* Speak to me, Sir, who am I?

*Lear.* You are a Soul in Bliss, but I am bound  
 Upon a wheel of Fire, which my own Tears  
 Do scald like Molten Lead.

*Cord.* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear.* You are a Spirit, I know, where did you Die?

*Cord.* Still, still, far wide.

*Phys.* Madam, he's scarce awake; he'll soon grow more  
 compos'd.

*Lear.* Where have I been? where am I? fair Day-light!  
 I am mightily abus'd, I shou'd ev'n Die with pity  
 To see Another thus. I will not swear  
 These are my Hands.

*Cord.* O look upon me, Sir,  
 And hold your Hands in Blessing o're me, nay,  
 You must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray do not mock me.  
 I am a very foolish fond Old Man,  
 Fourscore and upward, and to deal plainly with you,  
 I fear I am not in my perfect Mind.

*Cord.* Nay, then farewell to patience; witness for me  
 Ye mighty Pow'rs, I ne're complain'd till now!

*Lear.* Methinks I shou'd know you, and know this Man,  
 Yet I am Doubtfull, for I am mainly Ignorant  
 What Place this is, and all the skill I have  
 Remembers not these Garments, nor do I know  
 Where I did Sleep last Night—— pray do not mock me—  
 For, as I am a Man, I think that Lady  
 To be my Child *Cordelia*.

*Cord.* O

*Cord.* O my dear, dear Father!

*Lear.* Be your Tears wet? yes faith; pray do not weep,  
I know I have giv'n thee Cause, and am so humbled  
With Crosses since, that I cou'd ask  
Forgiveness of thee were it possible  
That thou cou'dst grant it, but I'm well assur'd  
Thou canst not; therefore I do stand thy Justice,  
If thou hast Poyson for me I will Drink it,  
Bless thee and Die.

*Cord.* O pity, Sir, a bleeding Heart, and cease  
This killing Language.

*Lear.* Tell me, Friends, where am I?

*Gent.* In your own Kingdom, Sir.

*Lear.* Do not Abuse me.

*Gent.* Be comforted, good Madam, for the Violence  
Of his Distemper's past; we'll lead him in  
Nor trouble him, till he is better Setled.  
Wilt please you, Sir, walk into freer Air.

*Lear.* You must bear with me, I am Old and Foolish.

[ *They lead him off.* ]

*Cord.* The Gods restore you— heark, I hear afar  
The beaten Drum, Old *Kent*'s a Man of's Word.  
O for an Arm

Like the fierce Thunderer's, when th' earth-born Sons  
Storm'd Heav'n, to fight this injur'd Father's Battle.

That I cou'd shift my Sex, and die me deep

In his Opposer's Blood, but as I may

With Womens Weapons, Piety and Pray'rs,

I'll aid his Cause—— You never-erring Gods

Fight on his side, and Thunder on his Foes

Such Tempest as his poor ag'd Head sustain'd;

Your Image suffers when a Monarch bleeds.

'Tis your own Cause, for that your Succours bring;

Revenge your Selves, and right an injur'd King.

*End of the Fourth Act.*



## A C T V.

## SCENE, A Camp.

*Enter Gonerill and Attendants.*

*Gon.* O U R Sisters Pow'rs already are arriv'd,  
 And She her self has promis'd to prevent  
 The Night with her Approach : have you provided  
 The Banquet I bespoke for her Reception  
 At my Tent ?

*Att.* So, please your Grace, we have.

*Gon.* But thou, my Poyfner, must prepare the Bowl  
 That Crowns this Banquet, when our Mirth is high,  
 The Trumpets sounding and the Flutes replying,  
 Then is the Time to give this fatal Draught  
 To this imperious Sister ; if then our Arms succeed,  
*Edmund* more dear than Victory is mine.  
 But if Defeat or Death it self attend me,  
 'Twill charm my Ghost to think I've left behind me [*Trumpet.*  
 No happy Rival : heark, she comes. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bastard in his Tent.*

*Bast.* To both these Sisters have I sworn my Love,  
 Each jealous of the other, as the Stung  
 Are of the Adder ; neither can be held  
 If both remain Alive ; where shall I fix ?  
*Cornwall* is Dead, and *Regan's* empty Bed  
 Seems cast by Fortune for me, but already  
 I have enjoy'd her, and bright *Gonerill*  
 With equal Charms brings dear variety,  
 And yet untasted Beauty : I will use  
 Her Husband's Countenance for the Battail, then  
 Usurp at once his Bed and Throne. [*Enter Officers.*  
 My trusty Scouts y' are well return'd, have ye descry'd

The



The Strength and Posture of the Enemy ?

*Off.* We have, and were surpriz'd to find  
The banisht *Kent* return'd, and at their Head ;  
Your Brother *Edgar* on the Rear ; Old *Gloster*  
( a moving Spectacle ) led through their Ranks,  
Whose pow'rfull Tongue, and more prevailing Wrongs,  
Have so enrag'd their rustick Spirits, that with  
Th' approaching Dawn we must expect their Battle.

*Bast.* You bring a welcome Hearing ; Each to his Charge.  
Line well your Ranks and stand on your Award,  
To Night repose you, and i' th' Morn we'll give  
The Sun a Sight that shall be worth his Rising.

[ *Exeunt.* ]

SCENE, *A Valley near the Camp.*

*Enter Edgar and Gloster.*

*Edg.* Here, Sir, take you the shadow of this Tree  
For your good Host, pray that the Right may thrive :  
If ever I return to you again  
I'll bring you Comfort.

[ *Exit.* ]

*Gloster.* Thanks, friendly Sir ;  
The Fortune your good Cause deserves betide you.

*An Alarum, after which Gloster speaks.*

The Fight grows hot ; the whole War's now at Work,  
And the goar'd Battle bleeds in every Vein,  
Whilst Drums and Trumpets drown loud Slaughter's Roar :  
Where's *Gloster* now that us'd to head the Fray,  
And scour the Ranks where deadliest Danger lay ?  
Here like a Shepherd in a lonely Shade,  
Idle, unarm'd, and listning to the Fight.  
Yet the disabled Courser, Maim'd and Blind,  
When to his Stall he hears the ratling War,  
Foaming with Rage tears up the batter'd Ground,  
And tugs for Liberty.  
No more of Shelter, thou blind Worm, but forth  
To th' open Field ; the War may come this way  
And crush thee into Rest. — Here lay thee down

And

And tear the Earth, that work befits a Mole.  
 O dark Despair! when, *Edgar*, wilt thou come  
 To pardon and dismiss me to the Grave! [*A Retreat sounded.*  
 Hark! a Retreat, the King has Lost or Won.

*Re-enter Edgar, bloody.*

*Edg.* Away, old Man, give me your Hand, away!  
*King Lear* has lost, He and his Daughter tane,  
 And this, ye Gods, is all that I can save  
 Of this most precious Wreck: give me your Hand.

*Gloft.* No farther, Sir, a Man may Rot even here.

*Edg.* What? in ill Thoughts again? Men must endure  
 Their going hence ev'n as their coming hither.

*Gloft.* And that's true too.

[*Exeunt.*

*Flourish. Enter in Conquest, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Bastard.—*  
*Lear, Kent, Cordelia Prisoners.*

*Alb.* It is enough to have Conquer'd, Cruelty  
 Shou'd ne're survive the Fight, Captain o'th' Guards  
 Treat well your royal Prisoners till you have  
 Our further Orders, as you hold our Pleasure.

*Gon.* Hark, Sir, not as you hold our Husbands pleasure

[*To the Captain aside.*

But as you hold your Life, dispatch your Pris'ners.  
 Our Empire can have no sure Settlement  
 But in their Death, the Earth that covers them  
 Binds fast our Throne. Let me hear they are Dead.

*Capt.* I shall obey your Orders.

*Bast.* Sir, I approve it safest to pronounce  
 Sentence of Death upon this wretched King,  
 Whose Age has Charms in it, his Title more,  
 To draw the Commons once more to his Side,  
 'Twere best prevent ———

*Alb.* Sir, by your Favour,  
 I hold you but a Subject of this War,  
 Not as a Brother.

*Reg.* That's as we list to Grace him.  
 Have you forgot that He did lead our Pow'rs?



Bore the Commission of our Place and Person ?  
 And that Authority may well stand up  
 And call it self your Brother.

*Gon.* Not so hot,  
 In his own Merits he exalts himself  
 More than in your Addition.

*Enter Edgar, disguised.*

*Alb.* What art Thou ?

*Edg.* Pardon me, Sir, that I presume to stop  
 A Prince and Conquerour, yet e'er you Triumph,  
 Give Ear to what a Stranger can deliver  
 Of what concerns you more than Triumph can.  
 I do impeach your General there of Treason,  
 Lord *Edmund*, that usurps the Name of *Gloster*,  
 Of fowleſt Practice 'gainſt your Life and Honour ;  
 This Charge is True, and wretched though I ſeem  
 I can produce a Champion that will prove  
 In ſingle Combat what I do avouch ;  
 If *Edmund* dares but truſt his Cauſe and Sword.

*Baſt.* What will not *Edmund* dare, my Lord, I beg  
 The favour that you'd inſtantly appoint  
 The Place where I may meet this Challenger,  
 Whom I will ſacrifice to my wrong'd Fame,  
 Remember, Sir, that injur'd Honour's nice  
 And cannot brook delay.

*Alb.* Anon, before our Tent, i'th' Army's view,  
 There let the Herald cry.

*Edg.* I thank your Highneſs in my Champion's Name,  
 He'll wait your Trumpet's call.

*Alb.* Lead.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Manent, Lear, Kent, Cordelia, guarded.*

*Lear.* O *Kent, Cordelia* !

You are the onely Pair that I e'er wrong'd,  
 And the juſt Gods have made you Witneſſes  
 Of my Diſgrace, the very ſhame of Fortune,  
 To ſee me chain'd and ſhackled at theſe years !



Yet were you but Spectatours of my Woes,  
Not fellow-sufferers, all were well!

*Cord.* This language, Sir, adds yet to our Affliction.

*Lear.* Thou, *Kent*, didst head the Troops that fought my Battel,  
Expos'd thy Life and Fortunes for a Master  
That had (as I remember) banisht Thee.

*Kent.* Pardon me, Sir, that once I broke your Orders,  
Banisht by you, I kept me here disguis'd  
To watch your Fortunes, and protect your Person,  
You know you entertain'd a rough blunt Fellow,  
One *Cajus*, and you thought he did you Service.

*Lear.* My trusty *Cajus*, I have lost him too! [Weeps.  
'Twas a rough Honesty.

*Kent.* I was that *Cajus*,  
Disguis'd in that course Dress to follow you.

*Lear.* My *Cajus* too! wer't thou my trusty *Cajus*,  
Enough, enough—

*Cord.* Ah me, he faints! his Blood forsakes his Cheek,  
Help, *Kent*——

*Lear.* No, no, they shall not see us weep,  
We'll see them rot first, — Guards lead away to Prison,  
Come, *Kent*, *Cordelia* come,  
We Two will sit alone, like Birds i'th' Cage,  
When Thou dost ask me Blessing, I'll kneel down  
And ask of Thee Forgiveness; Thus we'll live,  
And Pray, and Sing, and tell old Tales, and Laugh  
At gilded Butter-flies, hear Sycophants  
Talk of Court News, and we'll talk with them too,  
Who loses, and who wins, who's in, who's out,  
And take upon us the Mystery of Things  
As if we were Heav'n's Spies.

*Cord.* Upon such Sacrifices  
The Gods themselves throw Incense.

*Lear.* Have I caught ye?  
He that parts us must bring a Brand from Heav'n.  
Together we'll out-toil the spight of Hell,  
And Die the Wonders of the World; Away.

[Exeunt, guarded.

Flourish:

*Flourish : Enter before the Tents, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Guards and Attendants ; Gonerill speaking apart to the Captain of the Guards entring.*

*Gon.* Here's Gold for Thee, Thou knowst our late Command  
Upon your Pris'ners Lives, about it streight, - and at  
Our Ev'ning Banquet let it raise our Mirth  
To hear that They are Dead.

*Capt.* I shall not fail your Orders.

[*Ex.*

*Albany, Gon. Reg. take their Seats.*

*Alb.* Now, *Gloster*, trust to thy single Vertue, for thy Souldiers,  
All levied in my Name, have in my Name  
Took their Discharge ; now let our Trumpets speak,  
And Herald read out This. [*Herald Reads.*

*If any Man of Quality, within the Lists of the Army, will maintain upon Edmund, suppos'd Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold Traytour, let him appear by the third sound of the Trumpet ; He is bold in his Defence. — Agen, Agen.*

[*Trumpet Answers from within.*

*Enter Edgar, Arm'd.*

*Alb.* Lord *Edgar* !

*Bast.* Ha ! my Brother !

This is the onely Combatant that I cou'd fear ;  
For in my Breast Guilt Duels on his side,  
But, Conscience, what have I to do with Thee ?  
Awe Thou thy dull Legitimate Slaves, but I  
Was born a Libertine, and so I keep me.

*Edg.* My noble Prince, a word—e'er we engage  
Into your Highness's Hands I give this Paper,  
It will the truth of my Impeachment prove  
Whatever be my fortune in the Fight.

*Alb.* We shall peruse it.

*Edg.* Now, *Edmund*, draw thy Sword,



That if my Speech has wrong'd a noble Heart,  
 Thy Arm may doe thee Justice : here i'th' presence  
 Of this high Prince, these Queens, and this crown'd List,  
 I brand thee with the spotted name of Traytour,  
 False to thy Gods, thy Father and thy Brother,  
 And what is more, thy Friend ; false to this Prince :  
 If then Thou shar'st a spark of *Gloster's* Vertue,  
 Acquit thy self, or if Thou shar'st his Courage,  
 Meet this Defiance bravely.

*Bast.* And dares *Edgar*,  
 The beaten routed *Edgar*, brave his Conquerour ?  
 From all thy Troops and Thee, I forc't the Field,  
 Thou hast lost the gen'ral Stake, and art Thou now  
 Come with thy petty single Stock to play  
 This after-Game ?

*Edg.* Half-blooded Man,  
 Thy Father's Sin first, then his Punishment,  
 The dark and vicious Place where he begot thee  
 Cost him his Eyes : from thy licentious Mother  
 Thou draw'st thy Villany ; but for thy part  
 Of *Gloster's* Blood, I hold thee worth my Sword.

*Bast.* Thou bear'st thee on thy Mother's Piety,  
 Which I despise ; thy Mother being chaste  
 Thou art assur'd Thou art but *Gloster's* Son,  
 But mine, disdaining Constancy, leaves me  
 To hope that I am sprung from nobler Blood,  
 And possibly a King might be my Sire :  
 But be my Birth's uncertain Chance as 'twill,  
 Who 'twas that had the hit to Father me  
 I know not ; 'tis enough that I am I :  
 Of this one thing I'm certain —— that I have  
 A daring Soul, and so have at thy Heart  
 Sound Trumpet. [*Fight, Bastard falls.*]

*Gon.* and *Reg.* Save him, save him.

*Gon.* This was Practice, *Gloster*,  
 Thou won'st the Field, and wast not bound to Fight  
 A vanquisht Enemy, Thou art not Conquer'd  
 But couz'n'd and betray'd.

*Alb.* Shut your Mouth, Lady,  
 Or with this Paper I shall stop it —— hold, Sir,

Thou



Thou worse than any Name, reade thy own evil,  
No Tearing, Lady, I perceive you know it.

*Gon.* Say if I do, who shall arraign me for't?  
The Laws are Mine, not Thine.

*Alb.* Most monstrous! ha, Thou know'st it too.

*Bast.* Ask me not what I know,  
I have not Breath to Answer idle Questions.

*Alb.* I have resolv'd—your Right, brave Sir, has conquer'd,

[To Edgar.

Along with me, I must consult your Father.

[*Ex. Albany and Edgar.*

*Reg.* Help every Hand to save a noble Life;  
My half o'th' Kingdom for a Man of Skill  
To stop this precious stream.

*Bast.* Away ye Empericks,  
Torment me not with your vain Offices:  
The Sword has pierc't too far; *Legitimacy*  
At last has got it.

*Reg.* The Pride of Nature Dies.

*Gon.* Away, the minutes are too precious,  
Disturb us not with thy impertinent Sorrow.

*Reg.* Art Thou my Rival then profess?

*Gon.* Why, was our Love a Secret? cou'd there be  
Beauty like Mine, and Gallantry like His  
And not a mutual Love? just Nature then  
Had err'd: behold that Copy of Perfection,  
That Youth whose Story will have no foul Page  
But where it says he stoopt to *Regan's* Arms:  
Which yet was but Compliance, not Affection;  
A Charity to begging, ruin'd Beauty!

*Reg.* Who begg'd when *Gonerill* writ That? expose it

[*Throws her a Letter.*

And let it be your Army's mirth, as 'twas  
This charming Youth's and mine, when in the Bow'r  
He breath'd the warmest ecstasies of Love,  
Then panting on my Breast, cry'd matchless *Regan*

That

That *Gonerill* and Thou shou'd e'er be Kin !

*Gon.* Die, *Circe*, for thy Charms are at an End,  
Expire before my Face, and let me see  
How well that boasted Beauty will become  
Congealing Blood and Death's convulsive Pangs.  
Die and be hush'd, for at my Tent last Night  
Thou drank'st thy Bane, amidst thy rev'ling Bowls :  
Ha ! dost thou Smile ? is then thy Death thy Sport  
Or has the trusty Potion made thee Mad ?

*Reg.* Thou com'st as short of me in thy Revenge  
As in my *Gloster's* Love, my Jealousie  
Inspir'd me to prevent thy feeble Malice  
And Poison Thee at thy own Banquet.

*Gon.* Ha !

*Bast.* No more, my Queens, of this untimely Strife,  
You both deserv'd my Love and both posselt it.  
Come, Souldiers, bear me in ; and let  
Your royal Presence grace my last minutes :  
Now, *Edgar*, thy proud Conquest I forgive ;  
Who wou'd not choose, like me, to yield his Breath  
T'have Rival Queens contend for him in Death ?

[*Exeunt.*

## S C E N E, A Prison.

*Lear asleep, with his Head on Cordelia's Lap.*

*Cord.* What Toils, thou wretched King, hast Thou endur'd  
To make thee draw, in Chains, a Sleep so sound ?  
Thy better Angel charm thy ravisht Mind  
With fancy'd Freedom ; Peace is us'd to lodge  
On Cottage Straw, Thou hast the Begger's Bed,  
Therefore shou'dst have the Begger's careless Thought.  
And now, my *Edgar*, I remember Thee,  
What Fate has seiz'd Thee in this general Wreck  
I know not, but I know thou must be wretched  
Because *Cordelia* holds Thee Dear.  
O Gods ! a suddain Gloom o'erwhelms me, and the Image  
Of Death o'er-spreads the Place. —ha ! who are These ?

*Enter*



*Enter Captain and Officers with Cords.*

*Capt.* Now, Sirs, dispatch, already you are paid  
In part, the best of your Reward's to come.

*Lear.* Charge, charge upon their Flank, their last Wing  
haults;

Push, push the Battel, and the Day's our own.  
Their Ranks are broke, down, down with *Albany*.  
Who holds my Hands? — O thou deceiving Sleep,  
I was this very Minute on the Chace;  
And now a Prisoner here— What mean the Slaves?  
You will not Murder me?

*Cord.* Help Earth and Heaven!  
For your Souls sake's, dear Sirs, and for the Gods.

*Offic.* No Tears, good Lady, no pleading against Gold and  
Preferment;

Come, Sirs, make ready your Cords.

*Cord.* You, Sir, I'll seize,  
You have a humane Form, and if no Pray'rs  
Can touch your Soul to spare a poor King's Life,  
If there be any Thing that you hold dear,  
By That I beg you to dispatch me First.

*Capt.* Comply with her Request, dispatch her First.

*Lear.* Off Hell-hounds, by the Gods I charge you spare her;  
'Tis my *Cordelia*, my true pious Daughter:  
No Pity? — Nay then take an old Man's Vengeance.

*Snatches a Partizan, and strikes down two of them; the rest  
quit Cordelia, and turn upon him. — Enter Edgar and Al-  
bany.*

*Edg.* Death! Hell! Ye Vultures hold your impious Hands,  
Or take a speedier Death than you wou'd give.

*Capt.* By whose Command?

*Edg.* Behold the Duke your Lord.

*Alb.* Guards, seize those Instruments of Cruelty.

*Cord.* My Edgar, Oh!

*Edg.* My dear *Cordelia*, Lucky was the Minute  
Of our Approach, the Gods have weigh'd our Suffrings;  
W'are:



W'are past the Fire, and now must shine to Ages.

*Gent.* Look here, my Lord, see where the generous King  
Has slain Two of 'em.

*Lear.* Did I not, Fellow?

I've seen the Day, with my good biting Faulchion  
I cou'd have made 'em skip; I am Old now,  
And these vile Crosses spoil me; Out of Breath!  
Fie, Oh! quite out of Breath and spent.

*Alb.* Bring in old *Kent*, and, *Edgar*, guide you hither  
Your Father, whom you said was near,

[*Ex. Edgar.*

He may be an Ear-witness at the least  
Of our Proceedings.

[*Kent brought in here.*

*Lear.* Who are you?

My Eyes are none o' th' best, I'll tell you streight;  
Oh *Albany*! Well, Sir, we are your Captives,  
And you are come to see Death pass upon us.  
Why this Delay? — or is 't your Highness pleasure  
To give us first the Torture? Say ye so?  
Why here's old *Kent* and I, as tough a Pair  
As e'er bore Tyrant's Stroke: — but my *Cordelia*,  
My poor *Cordelia* here, O pity! —

*Alb.* Take off their Chains — Thou injur'd Majesty,  
The Wheel of Fortune now has made her Circle,  
And Blessings yet stand 'twixt thy Grave and Thee.

*Lear.* Com'st Thou, inhumane Lord, to sooth us back  
To a Fool's Paradise of Hope, to make  
Our Doom more wretched? go too, we are too well  
Acquainted with Misfortune to be gull'd  
With Lying Hope; No, we will hope no more.

*Alb.* I have a Tale t' unfold so full of Wonder  
As cannot meet an easy Faith;  
But by that Royal injur'd Head 'tis True.

*Kent.* What wou'd your Highness?

*Alb.* Know the noble *Edgar*  
Impeacht Lord *Edmund* since the Fight, of Treason,  
And dar'd him for the Proof to single Combat,  
In which the Gods confirm'd his Charge by Conquest;  
I left ev'n now the Traytor wounded Mortally.

*Lear.*

*Lear.* And whither tends this Story ?

*Alb.* E'er they fought

Lord *Edgar* gave into my Hands this Paper,  
A blacker Scrowl of Treason, and of Lust  
Than can be found in the Records of Hell ;  
There, Sacred Sir, behold the Character  
Of *Gonerill* the worst of Daughters, but  
More Vicious Wife.

*Cord.* Could there be yet Addition to their Guilt ?  
What will not They that wrong a Father doe ?

*Alb.* Since then my Injuries, *Lear*, fall in with Thine :  
I have resolv'd the same Redress for Both.

*Kent.* What says my Lord ?

*Cord.* Speak, for me thought I heard  
The charming Voice of a descending God.

*Alb.* The Troops by *Edmund* rais'd, I have disbanded ;  
Those that remain are under my Command.  
What Comfort may be brought to cheer your Age  
And heal your savage Wrongs, shall be apply'd ;  
For to your Majesty we do Resign  
Your Kingdom, save what Part your Self conferr'd  
On Us in Marriage.

*Kent.* Hear you that, my Liege ?

*Cord.* Then there are Gods, and Vertue is their Care.

*Lear.* Is't Possible ?

Let the Spheres stop their Course, the Sun make Hault,  
The Winds be hush'd, the Seas and Fountains Rest ;  
All Nature pause, and listen to the Change.  
Where is my *Kent*, my *Cajus* ?

*Kent.* Here, my Liege.

*Lear.* Why I have News that will recall thy Youth ;  
Ha ! Didst Thou hear 't, or did th' inspiring Gods  
Whisper to me Alone ? Old *Lear* shall be  
A King again.

*Kent.* The Prince, that like a God has Pow'r, has said it.

*Lear.* *Cordelia* then shall be a Queen, mark that :

*Cordelia* shall be Queen ; Winds catch the Sound  
And bear it on your rosie Wings to Heav'n.

*Cordelia* is a Queen.



*Re-enter Edgar with Gloster.*

*Alb.* Look, Sir, where pious *Edgar* comes  
Leading his Eye-less Father : O my Liege !  
His wondrous Story will deserve your Leisure :  
What He has done and suffer'd for your Sake,  
What for the Fair *Cordelia's*.

*Gloft.* Where is my Liege ? Conduct me to his Knees to  
hail

His second Birth of Empire ; my dear *Edgar*  
Has, with himself, reveal'd the King's blest Restauration.

*Lear.* My poor dark *Gloster* ;

*Gloft.* O let me kiss that once more sceptred Hand !

*Lear.* Hold, Thou mistak'st the Majesty, kneel here ;  
*Cordelia* has our Pow'r, *Cordelia's* Queen.

Speak, is not that the noble Suffering *Edgar* ?

*Gloft.* My pious Son, more dear than my lost Eyes.

*Lear.* I wrong'd Him too, but here's the fair Amends.

*Edg.* Your leave, my Liege, for an unwelcome Message.

*Edmund* ( but that's a Trifle ) is expir'd ;

What more will touch you, your imperious Daughters

*Gonerill* and haughty *Regan*, both are Dead,

Each by the other poison'd at a Banquet ;

This, Dying, they confess.

*Cord.* O fatal Period of ill-govern'd Life !

*Lear.* Ingratefull as they were, my Heart feels yet  
A Pang of Nature for their wretched Fall ; —

But, *Edgar*, I defer thy Joys too long :

Thou serv'dst distressed *Cordelia* ; take her Crown'd ;

Th' imperial Grace fresh Blooming on her Brow ;

Nay, *Gloster*, Thou hast here a Father's Right ;

Thy helping Hand t' heap Blessings on their Head.

*Kent.* Old *Kent* throws in his hearty Wishes too.

*Edg.* The Gods and You too largely recompence  
What I have done ; the Gift strikes Merit Dumb.

*Cord.* Nor do I blush to own my Self o'er-paid  
For all my Sufferings past.

*Gloft.* Now, gentle Gods, give *Gloster* his Discharge.

*Lear.* No, *Gloster*, Thou hast Business yet for Life ;

Thou,



Thou, *Kent* and I, retir'd to some cool Cell  
Will gently pass our short reserves of Time  
In calm Reflections on our Fortunes past,  
Cheer'd with relation of the prosperous Reign  
Of this celestial Pair ; Thus our Remains  
Shall in an even Course of Thought be past,  
Enjoy the present Hour, nor fear the Last.

*Edg.* Our drooping Country now erects her Head,  
Peace spreads her balmy Wings, and Plenty Blooms.  
Divine *Cordelia*, all the Gods can witness  
How much thy Love to Empire I prefer !  
Thy bright Example shall convince the World  
( Whatever Storms of Fortune are decreed )  
That Truth and Vertue shall at last succeed.

[ *Ex. Omnes.*

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F I N I S.

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# EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY.

**I** Nconstancy, the reigning Sin o' th' Age,  
Will scarce endure true Lovers on the Stage;  
You hardly ev'n in Plays with such dispense,  
And Poëts kill 'em in their own Defence.  
Yet One bold Proof I was resolv'd to give,  
That I cou'd three Hours Constancy Out-live.  
You fear, perhaps, whilst on the Stage w' are made  
Such Saints, we shall indeed take up the Trade;  
Sometimes we Threaten — but our Vertue may  
For Truth I fear with your Pit-Valour weigh:  
For ( not to flutter either ) I much doubt  
When We are off the Stage, and You are out, }  
We are not quite so Coy, nor You so Stout. }  
We talk of Nunn'ries — but to be sincere }  
Whoever lives to see us Cloyster'd There, }  
May hope to meet our Critiques at Tangier. }  
For shame give over this inglorious Trade  
Of worrying Poëts, and go maule th' Alcade.  
Well — since y' are All for blustering in the Pit, }  
This Play's Reviver humbly do's admit }  
Your absolute Pow'r to damn his Part of it ; }  
But still so many Master-Touches shine  
Of that vast Hand that first laid this Design,  
That in great Shakespear's Right, He's bold to say }  
If you like nothing you have seen to Day }  
The Play your Judgment damns, not you the Play. }





